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Around Town.

A week ago the Telegram's libel suit was brought to a proper close by a verdict for the defendant. I believe the jury but expressed the almost unanimous opinion of the citizens. The manner in which public works have been managed in Toronto has long been a scandal. Councils have succeeded councils, aldermen have been elected, have resigned, been defeated, married, have died and another generation of aldermen has come and gone since it was first known that we did not get value for money expended in public improvements. Mayor after mayor has endeavored to reform the abuses which everyone knew existed, but the evils rather than the reformations have gone on thriving with the growth of the city. As pavements became more numerous, peculations became more glaring, till at last shoddy work and unblushing disregard of specifications were established as the rule, so much so that in court an inspector without seeming to realize that he had done anything wrong testifled that the College street pavement was as good as any other and seemed to imagine that our villainously bad pavements rather than the specifications signed by the contractors were to be the standard by which he was to judge the

Public opinion, too, had begun to accept what was apparently the incvitable and citizens saw defective pavements put down before their door, and, though knowing they would have to pay for them and appreciating that the work was being scamped, shrugged their shoulders and supposed it was impossible to have it done right. Mayor Clarke more than any other mayor Toronto has had within my memory, has made most strenuous and well directed efforts to re-organize the public works of Toronto. I believe the city generally admits that no one has ever before accomplished so much for Toronto on the same lines. His first task in office was to endeavor to unravel the strings which after hanging loose had been tightened up the wrong way and almost inex-tricably tangled. The Don improvements and a dozen other things have been manfully dealt with, the public works department re-organized and capable men appointed, but it was impos sible for one man to do everything, particularly when the city engineer has proven such a weak and useless sister.

The Telegram in attacking the pavement problem consequently tackled a question which needed attack, and has done the city a signal service in exposing the manner in which public works are constructed. I am not surprised to see the sma'l amount of sympathy the Telegram has received from the other newspapers of the city. I have read them all closely and have noticed that the briefest reports were given of the trial, only a paragraph to the verdict and not a line of editorial applauding the valiant effort of a contemporary, except in the case of one journal which, without naming the paper concerned, expressed a faint hearted approval of Mr. John Ross Robertson's sturdy fight. I have had occasion before now to point out that jealousy prevents every Toronto newspaper from assisting its rivals or standing shoulder to shoulder with other journals in a fight for In almost every instance when a journalist is a candidate for office or receives any mark of public approbation, his rivals dismiss the whole matter with a paragraph or are found in direct opposition. Like bad pavements, this has become the rule, and it is by no means a pretty posture. Mr. John Ross Robertson, the proprietor of the Telegram, has not been free from this general tendency to ignore and belittle his opponents, and therefore nust not feel surprised at the conduct of the other newspapers, but the public have a right to demand different conduct from those journals which are supposed to fight for the right and expose wrong doing wherever it is found. Had the suit between Farquhar and Robertson been a church squabble or litigation between contractors, long and elaborate reports would have been given, but the petty pique, the fear that they would be giving an opposition newspaper an advertisement, have withheld the city press from doing what is obviously a public duty. It is possible that Mr. Robertson undertook the fight because he thought it would be good for the Telegram The citizens who are benefited care very little him to do it. It should be made apparent by every newspaper, by every citizen, that the man who does right in a public capacity, whether it be as a contractor or as editor or publisher of a newspaper, should be rewarded by the approbation of all good citizens. I would not say that the Telegram has not omewhat nullified the benefits of a gallant fight by too many complimentary references to itself. Without any brevier cap. editorials and italicised quotations eulogistic of itself. To ronto would have thoroughly appreciated all that it has accomplished. These things are apt to injure rather than benefit a newspaper. and when coupled with attacks upon the mayor and other men who are doubtless conscientious in the course they are pursuing a still more serious amount is subtracted from

Yet it is the most natural thing in the world for a newspaper after having accomplished made by the railways along the Esplamuch to feel like impressing its readers with the fact that it has gone out to battle and re

the grand total of good.

good judgment in order to belittle what Mr-John Ross Robertson has accomplished. He knew when he went into the fight, that even if he won, thousands of dollars would not repay him for the loss of time and energy, the worry and anxiety and the large amounts he must necessarily pay to counsel and to secure witnesses. If a man is not to receive credit for spending his money, energy and time in the public service will somebody please tell us The judge remarked that a few dollars and a fumbling apology would have satisfied the contractors and no one but a newspaper publisher knows the great temptation to yield even in a righteous cause when nothing but perplexity and expense are held up as a reward of honest criticism and a consumption and the most favorable point for gritty fight. If a newspaper is to be met by a conspiracy of silence on the part of its contem-

over half a million dollars (and by the way I hear the C. P. R. are interested in this matter). a new Music Hall is under way, and the Board of Trade building which, before it is completed. will cost in the neighborhood of \$400,000, and these things, together with the many semilarge expenditures, it is estimated will bring the total amount up to nearly twelve million dollars in the space of three or four years. what in newspaperdom deserves appreciation? This enormous amount cannot be expended without attracting not only the artisan, who will engage directly in the works, but capitalists and manufacturers, and others who, observing that Toronto is becoming the great city of Canada, will hasten to locate themselves in the largest centre of distribution. Our unsurpassed educational fac-

plowing will be as difficult as in a stumpy until we have some system of cheap and rapid field. A bad feature of this boom in rural building lots is that money which should not be diverted from legitimate trade is being invested in properties which cannot be remunerative for building purposes within the public enterprises which follow in the wake of next twenty years, even if Toronto progresses as rapidly as its most enthusiastic and oversanguine citizens hope for. Farms are actually changing hands at so much per foot in the neighborhood of Mimico, which has no more claim as a suitable place of residence than Duffin's Creek. In a northerly direction town lots have reached Hogg's Hollow, and down east the land bristles with stakes for an hour's walk. The people who buy these remote patches of ground with the idea of building on them must be aware that sidewalks, gas lamps, water mains cannot approach them until they ilities have already brought to Toronto many of are so old that all they will need will be a plot poraries, t have its motives impugned, to head those who have sufficient means to live without in a cemetery. A great many of those who

transit. And how comes it that this folly of outside speculation continues to grow, until people are buying town lots so far away from the city that they will have to take a horse and buggy or a pair of seven-leagued boots to get the occupant to his work inside of an hour?

Summarized, the whole thing means this: Property in old Toronto is certain to be a remunerative investment, because there is but little land for sale or procurable, while the frills and sub-frills, annexes and estates are in competition with the rest of the county, and there are millions of lots waiting to be staked out from Eglinton to Richmond Hill, and between here and Oakville on one side and Whitby on the other. As soon as people realize this, the suburban lot boom will go into its little cradle, and the investors will be left to "nurse the

The report which comes from Ottawa that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has severed his connection with the Conservative Union may not be true, but the feeling which gave rise to the rumor at least indicates that Mr. McCarthy is not in harmony with the "bosses" of his party and leads me more firmly to believe that he is about to retire and engage himself in provincial affairs. My guess may be wide the mark, but since I first made the conjecture in these columns I have heard a great many people express themselves delighted with the prospect of seeing so vigorous a fighter on the benches opposite Mr. Mowat. Nor have they been slow to say they believed that it would not be long ere Mr. Meredith, assisted by Mr. McCarthy, would capture the treasury benches. I imagine Mr. Mowat would be surprised if he knew how many of those who have always voted with him and for him are becoming restive. As his administration grows older his inclination to seize upon all the powers within his reach is becoming so marked that even his best friend's are becoming afraid of the future.

We hear much about the misgovernment of New York, but when we read that a gang of axemen have been chopping down the telegraph, telephone and electric light poles there, under instructions from the department of public works, we must recognise the fact that corporations are not permitted to run that city, even though they have almost unlimited wealth and influence. While the New York courts and civic officials are insisting upon public rights and endeavoring to prevent the further disfigurement of the city, an effort in the direction of underground channels and the protection of Toronto's streets from the hideous network of wires is sat upon by the Dominion Parliament, and we are forced to go on paving streets, thoroughly understanding that even if the corporations are not permanently trium phant we will have to rip up to-morrow what we have done to day in order to be abreast of the age in burying the wires. It does not speak well for our public spirit that while Toronto elects three supporters of the government we are continually snubbed and refused requests which are not only reasonable but absolutely within our rights.

We should be thankful that at last Sir John has determined to establish the boundaries of Ontario, and put an end to the dispute between this province and the Dominion. Ontario will then be a keystone reaching from Hudson Bay to the great lakes, and will be the largest organized state or province, except Texas, in North America. This proud position is made still more conspicuous by the fact that there are no agricultural lands in the vorld superior to ours, no minerals that are better, no such facilities for building up a great commonwealth! It is not surpris ing that Toronto, as the chief city of this great section, is achieving eminence which is attracting the attention of this whole continent : nor must we forget that Hon. Oliver Mowat, no matter what his shortcomings may have been in other respects, has been the sturdy defender of our rights to this territory and to the min eral and timber wealth which it contains.

I heard a story this week that I could hardly believe, and yet I am assured that it is true in every particular. A mechanic who was out of yment during the winter was forced to place his three motherless babes in an orphan asylum, and endeavored to support himself by attending to furnaces and doing menial work. He engaged himself at the extravagant salary of two dollars a week to attend the furnace. blacken the boots, and do chores for one of the leading clergymen of Toronto. It did not take all his time, but a considerable portion of it; and the other day, when he had a settlement with this minister-who receives a salary which does not amount to less than \$5,000 a year-he had 28 cents deducted from his stipend, because on the day he began work the sun had passed the meridian. On the day in question, as he explained to the reverend gentleman he attended to the furnace and had done all the work assigned to him, but the clergyman insisted that the amount should be withheld. For a minister of the gospel, belonging to a church which esteems itself the most fashionable, select and gentlemanly in the city to have gone into such elaborate bookkeeping on the winter's work of a poor beggar whose



"The Pay Will Come."

"YES, YES, MY DEAR BOY, I KNOW!"

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tives? But who is to be permitted to be the best policy was first taught have the majority of business men forgotten that right doing is a proper policy as well as an infallib'e principle, and if we were to exclude from the list of good all those who are honest for policy's sake we might see an extraordinary reduction in the catalogue of the honest.

The simultaneous publication in several of likely to be made in Toronto within the next deserve attention. The proposals for public works of general utility amount to about six local improvement funds for pavements,

the public public say, "Oh, it is all done for an | labor while their children are being educated. have tried these suburban points as a place whether he did it because it was right or advertisement, what encouragement is offered because he thought it would ultimately pay a home, are every day flocking to the city. judge of motives in such a matter? Never since building or filling the houses already built being blistered by the sun in the summer. the time when the old adage that honesty is the and engaging themselves in speculation or production of some kind.

The fact that there are over three hundred real estate agents not only living on, but making money out of the transfer of land is suggestive of a boom which may alarm the conservative section of business men. Toronto real estate began to take an upward tendency at the same time that booms were started in the moraing papers of the public expenditure a large number of American cities. Ours is the only one which has outlasted a few years of property. three or four years is sufficiently startling to excitement, but those who have been pricing property in this city lately must recognise the fact that there has been no abatement millions of dollars, and in this is not included of the steadilly upward tendency of values, the great sum which must be paid out of the and this spring has witnessed such a rapid movement that those who have been waitsidewalks, . &c. The expenditures to be ing for the crash to come are almost convinced that there is no crash imminent. Upon from good taste and what I would esteem to be be built, a hotel is spoken of which may cost will soon have so many stakes in them that not afford to live so far away from their work look well to say the least. I have heard the

through mud and slush in the winter and These locations have neither the charm of rural life nor the comforts of a city home. Those who are buying them on speculation should remember that while there is the whole County of York available for town lots, competition will be too keen to permit of high prices ruling except during a speculative mania. Many of the wisest,-and as they are known amongst brokers the "gamiest" of speculators,-have already sold their annexes and sub-outlying annexes and invested the funds in down-town

It is a remarkable thing during this speculative craze, when the hopes of an enormous city are being built up by the real estate men, that the business sections of Toronto have been advancing in price very slowly indeed, and one can buy a lot almost as cheaply within twenty minutes' walk of the Post Office, in a good resinade, the new terminal facilities, union depot, bridges, &c., will aggregate another very large agree, and that is that the staking off of farm be purchased for three miles from the market, he denied himself every luxury (as a turned with its enemy chained to its chariot wheels. I do not quote these slight lapses fairly begun, the Upper Canada College is to it continues, York and Etobicoke townships hour's walk. Clerks, artisans and laborers can princely income than \$2 per week), does not same clergyman implore his hearers to give liberally to the missions, in fact I have heard him denounce them for not doing it, and yet 28 Canadians in the United States, as a rule, Fitzzibbon and a bouquet of pretty girls robed cents was enough to turn him from justice, to say nothing of generosity, and make a servant go hungry for a whole day.

One cannot help but admire persistency, and I would like someone of a mathematical and statistical turn of mind to reckon up how many miles of editorial the Mail has written on the "Situation in Quebec," It keeps at it day after day and week after week and month after month till one wonders how on earth it can ring so many changes on this well-worn tune. It reminds me of a story of Henry Watterson who, after a long political campaigm, during which he had daily presented an editorial on the "situation," came in to his office late one night from a wine and poker party and sat down to write an editorial, which went to the printer as follows: "The Situation." (Three or four unsteady lines which had been marked out)-" Damn the situation."

It is said that the man who gets an idea is very fortunate, because the majority of us are without one, but when an idea gets a man, he becomes a crank. The idea has certainly gotten hold of the Mail to keep its readers posted concerning the improper practices in the neighboring province, and though we may weary somewhat of its iteration and reiteration, yet this is the only way of rubbing An impression soon fades out of the mind. New topics and excitements crowd out old ones, but if the monument which the Mail has erected in the second column of its editorial page can keep people in sight of the fact that we have a grievance, they certainly will not be permitted to forget it. And though people may once in a while echo Henry Watterson's opinion of the situation we unconsciously esteem the ceaseless vigil of the watchman 'Watchman, what of on the Mail's tower. the night?" and the unfailing answer comes "Behold ye the situation in Quebec."

No news has yet come of the missing steamer Danmark and its seven hundred passengers, though at the time of writing hope had not yet been abandoned. It must be an awful thing waiting for news o missing ship. To the owners to whom the wreck must mean a serious loss, the days are long, but to those who have a friend on board the hours of suspense must seem almost insupportable. The ocean is so wide, the opportunities for rescue so indefinite and yet esteemed considerable, that one keeps on hoping against hope, until at last the remotest ports are heard from and the star of hope disappears in the dark ness of despair. While, perhaps, but few of us have had this experience yet there is no one who has not had a missing ship. The mother who has watched her babe through the nights when she knew not whether it would be life or death, knows what it is to have a ship laden with love afloat on the uncertain waters of life. The lover has a ship at sea and he watches in the eyes of his sweetheart for the first gleam of the returning sail. A wreck to him-or her-means a more insupportable anguish than is felt by those whose dear ones are buried in the deep. The father and mother have many ships at sea. They watch the steers man who directs the course of those they love. and wonder that the winds blow so strongly and strangely, that the tides ebb and flow over such dangerous rocks, and often have they seen their ships wrecked even in the harbor. when their bairns go abroad, when they are out of sight, how they watch for the letters con taining news of that ship in which the treasures of their love and ambition have been stored. And too often, so very, very often, their ship has never returned. Each one who reads can think of sails they have seen. for the return of which they have prayed, for the loss of which they have mourned. If all the missing ships had come back to port, if masts had not been broken and sails torn by the winds of adversity or the simoon of passion, if unknown and sunken reefs had not bruised and broken the hulls to which we had trusted there would be no need of heaven, surely there couldn't have been But as long as men live and women love, and ships go out to sea, so long will there be wrecks, the agony of waiting and the dumbness of despair. It it were not so, if we took no chances, no one would bother with dangerous things we love best, and if no ships had been lost what would become of the delightful uncertainty of waiting for ships to

The meeting of those favorable to the organization of the Canadian National and Patriotic Association held a week ago last Thursday evening in Shaftesbury Hall parlor was in every way a success. A large number of those who had sent in their names were unable to attend, but the meeting was quite large enough for the purpose, and filled the room which had been engaged. A large committee was formed for the purpose of framing a constitution and by-laws, and during the past week it has met four times. The amount of labor which has been devoted to the formulating of the rules and principles of the society indicates the sincerity and earnestness of those who have undertaken the task. Another general meeting for the purpose of organization will be held in Shaftesbury Hall parlor Thursday evening, April 25, when the report of the committee will be presented and discussed. All those interested are invited though nothing in the shape of set speeches will be given and it will be in no sense a mass meeting. Those who feel inclined to take hold and help do some of the preparatory work will be welcome.

I am informed and do verily believe that there will be no general election of the Ontario Legislature this year. I believe the mat'er has been finally settled and the M. P. P.'s can rest assured of again drawing their sessional indemnity, undisturbed by the fear that the unfeeling public will interfere.

Recently Canadians abroad have been achiev been perpetrated or attempted by people who

claim the Dominion as their birthplace, but waiters. A flower booth will be presided over are held in the highest esteem, and occupy many of the highest places of trust, and booth will be dispensed by Mrs. Charles Riorthe United States dare not return home, are especially to be deprecated. There is nothing in which Canadians have taken greater pride than the high standing of their fellowcountrymen abroad, and it is only of very recent years that the little colony of our absconders has been noticeable in the United

The prediction that the an'i Jesuit exciteshows no signs of being verified, except as regards the pulpit fervor, which has already begun to abate. The Orangemen, however, are making themselves heard and felt, and time only eems to increase their determination to make t hot for somebody, and it cannot be denied that every day they are recovering in public estimation the ground they had previously lost by being too subservient to Sir John.

Society.

This is the end of Lent, and socially no one will be sorry, for while penitence may be a delightful mental attitude the votaries of the dance are apt to weary of it. Everyone has had an opportunity for rest, for never in my rigorously. The outbreak of festivities is not likely to be startling as so many of the leaders are out of town, but I can at least promise my readers more interesting society news than they have been recently receiving.

Rehearsals for the Kirmess dances have been frequent during the past week, and every person is interested in making the best po use of the short time left for practice. I have been kindly furnished with a list of the chief attractions of the Kirmess, and also of the names of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the dances, with descriptions of the cos tumes worn in each.

The costumes of the Lawn Tennis dance will be of the conventional kind. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Misses Lucy Lee, Patriarche, M. Bright, C. Maciarlane, Helena Snith, Thompson, Monk, Livingstone; Messrs, G. H. Muntz, Atcheson, Sydney Jones, J. A. Heward, W. Douglas, A. Boultbee, Percy Maule, and Murray Langmuir.

The gentlemen taking part in the Gypsy dance wear white flannel shirts, bright red silk ties, knee breeches and red stockings laced with blue and yellow ribbons, a red sash and a large slouch felt hat with ribbon streamers. They carry tambourines. The fair Gypsies are not all dressed alike, as it was felt such uniformity would not be in harmony with the Romany character. One of the dresses, however, is thus described: A bright crimson satin petticoat with bands of black velvet and gold braid, blue podice with chemisette of soft muslin, puffed sleeves tied with ribbon, a many-colored headdress with gold ornaments and tambourines slung from the shoulder with colored ribbons. It will be danced by Misses C. Lash, Douglas, King Dodds, Michie, Fisher, Eakin, A. Michie, Darby; Messrs. Coburn, Norman Smith T. Chisholm, Douglas, T. Brown, Percy Horrocks, G. Towner, Vidal

In the Hungarian dance the ladies' dress will be a white skirt with rows of green and red satin edged with gold around it, a red satin bodice cut square, braided in gold across the front and out in points, which are ornamented with little bells, and white Hungarian caps trimmed with go'd braid. They carry hoops, with bells and ribbons. Gentlemen will wear black knee breeches and black stockings tied at the knees with red satin ribbons, white waistcoats trimmed with gold braid, white sashes striped at the end with green, red and gold (the national colors), white shirts with lace cuffs and collars, and small black caps trimmed with red and gold, with capes of crimson and green slung from the shoulder. The dancers are: Misses Shanklin, Hart, Monk, Macdonald, Lang, May Livingstone, Murray, Ellis; Messrs. Andrews, Hollyer, Bogert, H. F. Gillespie, Bendelari.

The ladies' costume for the Swedish dance is a olue petticoat striped down with bright orange ribbons, low bodice, cut pointed in front and back, worn over muslin waists, shirred at the neck, with short puffed sleeves; on the right shoulder long ribbon streamers of orange, blue and red (the national colors), high peasant caps of black velvet, ornamented with blue and red bands. They carry a short wand with streamers and sleigh bells, which are shaken in barmony with the music. Swedish gentlemen wear knee breeches and black stockings, bright red vests with white sleeves, blue sashes trimmed with gold and crimson, and large rolling collars and cuffs. The Swedish dancers are: Misses Maule, Etta Hill, E. Maule, Littlejohn, G. Scott, Powell, M. Powell, Douglas, Hague, Keighley, Hoskins, Sproatt; Messrs, Vox Chadwick, Pemberton, Geo. Pemberton, Schoffeld, McMillan, Ketchem.

The Spanish dance is a series of graceful movements, and it is expected to cause much admiration. We have been unable to secure a description of the costumes, but it will be in keeping with all the others and the character of the dance. The following ladies and gentlemen will participate: Misses Maude Macklem. Kirkpatrick, A. Kirkpatrick, Bostwick, Woodbridge, Hardy, Pringle, Francis; Messrs. Leon Macklem, Gray, Lowndes, F. Gray, Lea, Heward, J. Symons, Hirschfelder.

Besides these gay and picturesque dances, there are many other attractions. A gypsy encampment, where one's future will b vealed in the usual gypsy style, will be in the hands of Mrs. Galbraith, Misses Connie Jarvis, ing a very unenviable notoriety, several of the most daring crimes in the United States having tea, from 5 to 7:30 o'clock, will be served by the lady managers and a bevy of pretty ing.

in white directoires. The sweets of the candy this being true, such utterances as were dan, Mrs. Bunting and young ladies wearing recently made in Parliament by a western directories in white and gold and crimson fire-eater that most of the Canadians in and white. Delicious ices will be served by Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. A. B. Lea and Miss Patterson. Rebecca at the well will supply the liquid refreshments. Miss Patterson will preside at this booth. The art booth is in the shape of an open book, and is in charge of Mrs. Spragge. The Punch and Judy show will give delight in the hands of Mrs. Monk and Mrs. Boultbee. The post and express flices are in the charge of Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Brock and Mrs. Dickson, ment would not live through the dog-days Mrs. Osler presides at the cafe chantant and will be assisted by a group of fair ladies who are to be arranged as Vivandires and arrayed in costumes copied from some of the most noted regiments of the old world. By these coffee and cigarettes will be dispensed, and some of our best musicians will furnish music. The piano used will be furnished by Messrs, Mason & Risch. There will be a Cinderella ball in which eighty children will take part. Miss Robinson, a granddaughter of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, will be the princess and the court minuet will be danced at the ball by Master and Miss Hughes. The Kirmess paper is to be edited by Miss Fisken and Mrs. Edgar, and will contain all the Kirmess news and the programmes for each day. Two of the young ladies who will sel this journal are to be arrayed in print dresses dresses of type, in fact-the cloth of which will be printed on by the presses of the Toronto

> Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon entertained number of their friends at Oaklawn, Sher bourne street, on Tuesday evening. The occasion was the christening of their grand child, the infant son of their daugh er, Mrs. E A. Miles, who with her husband has returned to make their future home in Toronto. Rev. John Laugtry performed the christening cere mony. The little one was surrounded by plenty of friends, there being three great grandmothers resent, Mrs. McKay of Georgetown, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Johnson of Toronto The evening was enlivened by choice musical selections, and Miss Wetherald, graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory, delighted everyone with her charming recitations. floral decorations were much admired, being very beautiful and most artistically arranged. The evening was short, but perhaps none the less enjoyed on that account by the hundred or more guests present.

> Attention is called to the announcement of the sale of ladies' work in aid of the Sisters of St. John the Divine, to be held at the Bishop Strachan school on College street on April 22 and 23 Refreshments will be served. The proceeds of the sale are entirely for the support of this self-sacrificing sisterhood, who have made the rule that no one will be asked to buy anything, so that forced sales through impor tunity need not be feared.

> Miss Tootie Heward of the Pines, Bioon treet, entertained a few of her schoolmates and some of the college boys Thursday evening of last week. The affair was very much enjoyed by the young people, and was given pre vious to their departure for their several homes, the little hostess acquitting herself in a most charming manner.

> Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Louie Martin, second daughter of Dr. Martin of Carlton street, to Dr. Norman Allan also of the same place, the wedding to take place on the evening of April 30 at the new church of St. Augustine's on Parliament street.

> Mrs. Sullivan and her daughter Minnie of Peterboro' are staying for a short time with Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan.

> Sir David McPherson and family of Chestnut Park, Yonge street, are at present in Florence, where they propose to remain for some time before returning to this country.

At St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday night last, one of the largest and most fashionable congregations filled the large sacred edifice, when the Crucifixion was sung and listened to with all the solemnity the sacred work

The Argonaut Rowing Club is now seventeen years old, and has 309 members, of whom 217 are on the active list; and it was decided at the annual meeting at the Club House, Friday evening of last week, that the admission of inactive members will not be continued. The President, Col. G. A. Sweny, occupied the chair, and there was a large turnout of menibers, among whom were: Messrs. C. Wid der, D. Burns, F. Carmichael, A. Bogart, W. Harvie, D. V. Brooks, W. Dick, F. Lightbourne, G. Gillespie, A. Hutchinson, W. Johnston, W. G. Lambe, J. W. Drynan, J. McVee, J. Ince, A. G. Thompson, J. M. McDonald, P. Horrocks, F. Cox, A. C. Macdonnell, M. M. Kertland, A. Fraser, Wm. Ince, jr., J. Scott, J. Kaay, A. R. Deueson, A. McKenzie, J. Boyd, R. Kertland, J. French, A. Burritt, S. Small, A. D. Langmuir, H. C. Hammond, W. D. Gwynne, F. Kay, C. Godfrey, W. Stewart, W. Sweeny, B. Sweeny, J. Pearson, R. Muntz, W. G. Gill, W. Murray, H. Muntz. His Honor the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., has signified his willingness to accede to the request that he should be nominated patron of the club. G. A. Sweny,

The annual meeting of the Grapite Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday of last week when the following officers were elected for the coming season: President, Mr. G. S. Crawford; Vice-President, Mr. G. W. Meyer; Captain and Honorary-Secretary, Mr. Wm. Gibb; Committee, Measrs. Bowes, W. A. Littlejohn, J. Ford, R. Moffatt, John Bruce.

Cards are out from the Commodore, officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club requesting the pleasure of their friends' company at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday, May 1, at nine o'clock. DancOttawa.

The cricket match between a team of members of Parliament and the Ottawa Cricket Club, played off on Saturday afternoon last, resulted in a victory for the Cricket Club. The weather was anything but favorable, being cold and bleak, and consequently the spectators were very few in number. These, however, were able to console themselves with the thought that they were witnesses of the earl est cricket match ever played in Canada in any year. After the match the players and umpires repaired to tea at Government House.

It is a long time past since the senate chamber presented such a gay appearance as it did on Saturday evening last, when Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Allan received therein their four or five hundred guests. Soon after ten o'clock the chamber was well filled with the youth and beauty of the capital, as also were the reading-room-converted into a refreshment room-the passages and even the cosy nooks of the Library of Parliament. The music was good : everybody was, or seemed to be, in the best of spirits; the host and hostess made themselves most agreeable; and conse quently, notwithstanding the absence of danc ing-that grea est of factors towards an evening's enjoyment-it was a most enjoyable evering that came to a conclusion at about half-past ten o'clock.

Madame Laurier was At Home to members of the Opposition and their friends on Saturday evening at the Grand Union Hotel. Musical talent being by no means scarce in the Lib ral ranks, a most enjoyable evening was spent by some thirty or forty guests.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Collingwood

Schretter gave a small afternoon tea. On Monday afternoon the Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, the Hon. Algernon Stanley and Mr. MacMahon left, by special Canada Atlantic train, for New York, en route to England. Their excellencies and the Hon. Billy were at the station to say "good bye."

On Tuesday afternoon several young people, at the invitation of Mr. Barron and Mr. Fisher, M.P.'s, drove out to Aylmer, for dinner, return ing shortly after 11 o'clock.

This (Saturday) afternoon another party are to drive to Aylmer, where they are again to be en tertained by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Barron.

The usual sessional dinners, too numerous to mention, have been given during the week, one of the most successful of which was that given by the Honorable Senator Santord on the evening of Monday. The dinner was given in the handsome dining-room of the Sanate. Besides the Speakers of both Houses and the Premier, there were among the guests Sir Adolphe Caron, Sir John Thompson, Hon, John Costigan, Hon, J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Edgar Dewdney, twenty-five senators and thirty-nine members of the House of Commons, Capt. Colville, the Governor-General's secretary, and Mr. C. H. Mackintosh.

Invitations are out for a young people's driving party to Aylmer on Easter Monday, the hosts being four popular young boys of Sandy Hill, viz., Masters Ayshford Wise, Scott, Brophy and Watters. The invitations have been extended also to a few favored "grown ups." The drive is under the chaperonage of Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Clarence Chipman, Mrs. Fred. White and Mrs. Major.

A rumor very pleasing in society circles is afloat here to the effect that Miss Katie Merritt of Toronto is shortly to pay Ottawa a

I learn from good authority that prorogation is not expected for another fortnight at the very least. Consequently a gay Easter week may safely be expected, although as yet noth ing definite is on the tapis.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Middleton will be glad to hear that he is to remain in Ottawa for some months yet, having decided not to return to the North West. SANTIO.

Personal.

The funeral of the late Lionel L. Yorke took place on Tuesday and was the largest which has occurred in Toronto for years.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Spain celebrated their tin wedding last Monday evening. A large number of friends were present, and a very pleasant time was spent.

Mr. D. M llar of Winning has be to the position of manager of the Merchants' Bank here, vice Mr. William Cook who has retired on a well-earned pension. Mr. E. W. Sandys returned on Monday last

rom a tour in the maritime provinces in the interest of the C. P. R. On Monday evening he left again for Montreal, whence he expects soon to depart for the Pacific coast and, possibly, Alaska.

Mr. George B. Holland, who has resided in Toronto for the past flity years died on Wednesday evening He was an enthusiastic member of the York Pioneers and in 1842 was sergeant and Acting Quarter-Master of the First Incorporated Dragoons. Court Rose, No. 18, C. O. O. F., held a recep-

tion in Shaftesbury Hall on Tuesday evening A very successful musical programme occupied the early part of the evening and was followed by dancing. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Geo. Barrett, W. B. Phipps, A. R. Farrance, W. Couch, J. Fletcher, W. Sparks and R. D. Abell, are to be congratulated on the suc cess of the evening's entertainment. The committee and members of the Rosedale

Cricket Club have much occasion to congratulate themselves on the prospects for the coming season. At the recent meeting of the club committee several new members were elected, and Messrs. W. Ledger and G. S. Lyon were each presented with a bat for the highest batting and bowling averages, respectively, for last year. The president, J. Melrose Macdonald, kindly said that he would give a bat to any member of the club making fifty runs or more in one innings. It is proposed to arrange matches for two elevens this year owing to the increasing number of members. All applications for membership should be made to the secretary, H. Petman, No. 4 Wellington street west. The membership of the club includes all privileges granted to the Toronto Lacrosse

Innocence Aloft.

Farmer (to a tramp whom he has surprised in a fruit tree)—What are you doing up there? Tramp—1? Nothing! only hanging some pears on the tree again that had fallen down!

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John versus Jap.

John versus Jap.

The jealousy that exists between the Chinese of this town and their Japanese friends was fully exemplified a few evenings ago when a rather amusing incident occurred. A young Japanese artist, walking up Yonge street, chanced to espy in a Chinese store a pair of handsome vases that seemed to take his fancy, and, thinking that if the price suited him he would make a purchase, he entered the store; and we give our readers the conversation that took place in full:

"How much those vases?" asked the Japanese.

mese.
"What for you want know?" said the China-

"Can't you tell me price, I want know?" I no tell price."

Why can't you?"

'No buy, no tell price."

'How do you no whether I buy or no?"

I tink you no buy."
Suppose I know buy why not tell price, I

"Suppose I know buy was, want know?"
"What good tell price? No buy, I no tell
"What good tell price? No buy, I no tell

"What good tell price! No only, I no tell price."

"You suspicious, Chinese all suspicious; never get along with another nation. Do you understand the meaning of suspicious?"

"I no understandee!"

"You think I work in Japanese store, and if you tell price I find out your secret figure; that is what matter with you, but I am not. I am an artist, as I will show you."

And taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket the artist drew these three sketches, as follows, saying first:



Here is a turnip; and now it is and now it is turned into a turned into tea-pot; your head.

The artist left the store, leaving John with is mouth wide open in wonderment.

The Elevation of the Stage.



MBITIOUS Amateur (who has just been put through her paces, anx-iously)—How do you think I shall do?

think I shall do?
Enterprising Manager (who makes a specialty of bringing out young actresses)—You walk well; your looks are—pardon me—enchanting. There is no reason why you should not succeed. Now, the first thing is to attract a little judicious attention. Are you single? single? Ambitious Amateur-

No. sir. Enterprising Manager -Ah! good, good! You married an Italian count who, after pawning all your jewelry to satisfy his taste for his native Chianti, has deserted you in circumstances of great cruelty to return to his barana-stand in the Bowery. We will get at least a column and a half—

and a nair—
Ambitious Amateur (interrupting him with some haughtiness)—On the contrary, sir, my husband is Mr. Reginald Bueblocd. He is devoted to me, and we have the cutest little devices.

darling—
Enterprising Manager—Splendid! Couldn't be better. Go home and have him knock you down the back-stairs, and decamp with the baby. You appear in court the next morning; the story goes into the new-papers. The next week I bring you out in The Deserted Wife to a bigger house than Parti ever saw. Madame, I congratulate you. Your fortune is made—and his—N. V. Life. congratulate you. nd his.—N. Y. Life.

Uncertainty At The Dance.



Mr. Sogus—"Whad meks dat Miss Spencer ser kinder lon'sum t'night?"
Mr. Wheets—"D' boys ain't quite suah whedder dat 'rangement stickin' out of her bodice is one ob dem new fash'ned lawnettes er a razzer, an' dey's shy."—Judge.

He Let Her Be.

A lady, occupying room letter B at an English hotel, wrote on the slate as follows:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be, don't let her be, nor letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at halfpast ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying 'he above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."



"Ho ho! So you are the boy who plays with pigs in clover, are you?"—N. Y. Life.

An Unjust Charge, "Absalom," called Mrs. Rambo, in a high pitched voice, as her husband came lumbering up the stairway at three o'clock a.m., "you have been getting drunk again! This is the second time since yesterday morning!"
"Nanshy," mumbled Mr. Rambo. holding tightly to the balustrade, "you're unzhust, m'ove. A man can't giddrunk twice in twentyfour hoursh. I'm—I'm still on the 'riginal drunk, Nanshy!"

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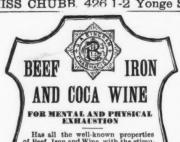
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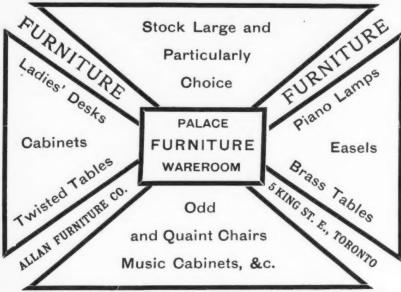
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BY M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three, etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"A MIND NOT TO BE CHANGED BY PLACE OR TIME."

Christmas at Dorchester was not a period of festivity to which Theodore Dalbrook had hitherto looked forward with ardent expectations, but in this particular December he found himself longing for that holiday season even as a schoolboy might long for release from Latin Grammar and suet pudding, and the plentecus fare and idle days of home. He longed for the grave old town with its Roman relics and leafless avenues; longed for it, alas I not so much because his father, brother, and sisters dwelt there, as because it was within a reasonable drive of Carmichael Priory, and once being at Dorchester he had a fair excuse for going to see his cousin. Many and many a time in his chambers at the Temple he had felt the fever fit so strongly upon him that he was tempted to put on his hat, rush out of those quier courts and stony quadrangles to the bustle of the Embankment, spring into the first hansom that came within hail, and so to Waterloo, and by any train that would earry him to Wareham Station, and thence to the Priory, only to look upon Juanita's face for a little while, only to hold her hand in his, once at greeting and once at parting, and then back into the night and the loneliness of his life, and law books and precedents, and Justinian and Chitty, and all that is commonplace and dry-as-dust in a man's existence.

He had refrained from such foolishness, and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were and the loneliness of his life, and law books and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were and the loneliness of his life, and law books and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were and the loneliness of his life, and law books and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were and the loneliness of his life, and law books and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were and long the lone lines of his care and law to him the lone lines of his care law in the lone lines of his life, and law books and precedents, and Justinian and Chitty, and all that is c

He had refrained from such foolishness, and

existence.

He had refrained from such foolishness, and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were making the house odious with holly and laurel, the old cook was chopping suet for the traditional pudding which he had loathed for the last ten years, and he had a fair excuse for driving along the slimy roads to visit his widowed cousin. He had a pressing invitation from Lord Cheriton to spend two or three days of his holiday time at the Chase, an invitation which he had promptly accepted; but his first visit was to Lady Carmichael.

He found the house in all things unlike what it had been when last he saw it. The dear Grenvilles had been persuaded to spend their Christmas in Dorsetshire, and the Priory was full of children's occupation. Theodore had known Jessica Grenville before her marriage, yet it was not the less a shock to find himself confronted by a portly matron and a brood of children in that room where he had seen Juanita's sad face bent over her embroidery. There was no trace of Juanita in the spacious drawing room to day, and the fact of her absence almost unhinged him for the moment, and made him considerably confused in his conversation with Mrs. Grenville, who received him with gracious loquacity, and insisted upon his giving an immediate opinion upon the different degrees of family likeness to be seen in her four children.

"These two are decided Carmichaels," she said, putting forward a rather flabby boy and a pudding-faced girl, "and the other

"These two are decided Carmichaels," she said, putting forward a rather flabby boy and a pudding-faced girl, "and the other two are the ough Grenvilles," indicating the latter and younger pair, who were seated on the floor building a Tower of Babel with a lately-received present of bricks, and carrying out the idea by their own confusion of tongues.

The door felt glad he was not a Grenville if

that was the type. He murmured some vague civility about the children, while he shoot hands with Lady Jane, who had come forward shyly to meet him, almost obliterated by he

shyly to meet him, almost obliterated by her more liquacius daughter.

"Don't you think Johnnie the very image of his poor dear uncle?" asked Mrs. Grenville urgently, a question which always agonized Lady Jane, who could not see the faintest likeness between her flabby and bilious-looking grandchild and her handsome son.

Theodore was too nervous to be conscious of his own untruthfulness in replying in the affirmative. He was anxious to have done with the children and to hear about his cousin.

"I hope Juanita is not ill?" he said.

"Oh, no, she is pretty well," replied Lady Jene, "but we keep her as quiet as we can, and of course the children are rather trying for her."

"Nobody can say that they are noisy chil-

Nobody can say that they are noisy chil-

"Nobody can say that they are noisy children," interjected the happy mother. "So she seldom leaves her own rooms till the evening," continued Lady Jane. "You would like to see her at once, I daresay, Mr. Dalbrook? And I know she will be pleased to see you."

She rang and told the footman to inquire if Lady Carmichael was ready to see Mr. Dalbrook, and Theodore had to occupy the interval until the footman's return with polite attentions to the four children. He asked Lucy whence she had obrained those delightful bricks, thereby eliciting the information that the bricks were not Lucy's, but Godolphin's only he "let her play with t'em," as he observed magnanimously. He was gratifled with the further information that the tower now in process of elevation was not a church but the Tower of Babel; and he was then treated to the history of toat remarkable building as related in Holy Writ.

"You didn't know that, did you?" remarked Godolphin grandly, when he had finished his narration in a harsh bawl, being one of those coarsely constituted brats whom their parents boast of as after the pattern of the infant Hercules.

Hercules.

The footman returned before Godolpin had wrung a confession of ignorance from the nervous visitor, and Theodore darted up to follow him out of the room.

He found Juanita reclining on a low couch near the fire in a dimly-lighted room, that room which he remembered having entered only once before on the occasion of an afternoon party at the Priory when Sir Godfrey had taken him to his den to show him a newly acquired folio copy of Thomson's Seasons, with the famous Bartolozzi mezzotints. It was a good old room, especially at this wintry season when old room, especially at this wintry season when the dullness of the outlook made less difference. The fire light gleamed cheerily on the rich bindings of the books, and on the dark wood work, and fondly touched that reclining figure dressed in a loose white cashmere gown, trich folds of an Oriental coverlet draped arou

her recumbent form.

"How good of you to come to see me so soon. know you only came to Dorchester yesterday. The girls were here the day before, and told

me they expected you."
"You did not think I should be in the country very long without finding my way here, did you, Juanita?"
"Well no parkage not I have the country to t

you, Juanita?"
"Well, no, perhaps not. I know what a true friend you are to me, all that my busband might have been, if God had let him live. And now tell me, have you made any further discouries?"

it was not one of the Strangways who killed him, it must have been such a man."

Her eyes shone, and her cheeks flushed with a feverish red. Theodore took her hand, held it in both his own, and bent to kiss the cold fingers—not with a lover's ardor, fondly as he loved; but with a calm and brotherly affection which soothed her agitated heart. He loved her well enough to be able to subjugate himself for her sake.

"My dear Juanita, if you would only withdraw your thoughts from this ghastly subject. I will not ask you to forget. That may be impossible. I entreat you only to be patient, to leave the chastisement of crime to Providence, which works in the dark, works silently, inevitably to the end for which we can only grope in a lame and helpless fashion. Be sure the murderer will stand revealed sooner or later. That cruel murder will not be his last crime, and in his next act of violence he may be less fortunate in escaping every human eye. Or if that act is to be the one solitary crime of his life something will happen to betray himsome oversight of his own, or some irrepressible movement of a guilty conscience will give his life to the net, as a bird flies into a trap. I beseech you, dear, let your thoughts dwell upon less painful subjects—for your own sake—for the sake—"

He faltered, and left his sentence unfinished, and Juanita knew that the one hope of

and Juanita knew that his sisters had told him something. She knew that the one hope of her blighted life, hope which she had hardly recognized as hope yet awhile, was known to

"I can never cease to think of that night, or to pray that God will avenge that crime," she said tirmly. "You think that is an unchristian prayer perhaps, but what does the scripture say. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Christ came to confirm that righteous law. Oh, it is well to be a humanitarian—to sign petitions against capital punishment—but let your dearest and nearest be murdered, and you will be quick to recognize the justice of that old, inexorable law—a life for a life. That is what I want, Theodore—the life of the man who killed my husband."
"If I can help to bring about that end, Juanita, believe me that I will not shrink from the task; but at present I must own that I am off the track, and see no likelihood of succeeding where a trained detective has failed. Could n.
I can never cease to think of that night, or

the task; but at present I must own that I am off the track, and see no like lihood of succeeding where a trained detective has failed. Could I but find a shred of evidence to put me on the trail, I would pursue that clue to the bitter end. But so far all is dark."

"Yes, all is dark," she answered, dejectedly, and then, after a pause, she said, "You are going to stay at Cheriton I hear?"

"I am to spend three days there at the turn of the year, just before I go back to London. I have chambers in Ferret court, exactly over the rooms in which your father spent the golden years of his youth, the years that made him a great man. It will be very interesting to me to hear him talk over those years, if I can beguile him into talking of himself, a subject which he so seldom dwells upon."

"Ask him if he ever made a bitter enemy. Ask him for his experience as a judge at assizes—find out if you can whether he ever provoked the hatted of an unscrupplous, vindictive man."

"My dear Juanita, half the criminals who are

bers in Ferral Just be.

Joer 10 Ferral Which your facts.

Ash. It will be very inte.

Ash him into talking of himself, a himself, a

other things—her home, her surroundings.

"It must be a comfort to you to have Lady Jane."

"A comfort! She is all that I have of happiness—all that reminds me of Godfrey My mother and father are very dear to me—I hope you believe that, Theodore?—but our lives are parted now. My mother is wrapped up in her husband. Neither of them can sympathise with me as his mother can. Their loss is not the same as ours. We two are one in our grief."

"And she is a buffer between vou and the outer world I see. She bears the burden that would weigh you down. Those children, for instance—no deute they are charming as children go; but I fancy they would worry you if you had too much of them."

"They would kill me," said Juanita, smiling at him for the first time since his entrance, "I am afraid, I am not very fond of children. It sounds no womanly to say so, but I often find myself wishing they could be born grown up. Fortunately Lady Jane adores them. And I am glad to have the Grenvilles here at Christmas time. I want all things to be as they would have been were my dearest here. I lie here and look round this room, which was his, and think, and think, and think of him till I almost fancy he is here. Idle fancy! Mocking dream! Oh! if you knew, how often I dream that he has been dead—or at least that we have all believed that he was dead—but that it was a mistake. He is alive, our own for long years to come. The wild rapture of that dream wakes me, and I know I am alone. God keep you, Theodore, from such a loss as mine."

"I must gain something before I can lose "It" has answered, with a shade of bitterness,

own father."

Their talk touched on various subjects after this—on the great events of the world, the

Their talk touched on various subjects after this—on the great events of the world, the events that make history—on books and theaters, and then upon Sarah Newton, whose plan of life interested Juanita.

He told her of the woman called Marian, and her inquiries about Cheriton.

"I wonder if you ever knew her among your villagers," he said. "I should much like to know who she is. She interests me more than I can say. There is a refinement in her manners and appearance that convinces me she must have belonged to superior people. She was never born in a laborer's cottage, or amidst a small shopkeeper's shabby surroundings. She was never taught at a Normal School, or broken into domestic service." into domestic service."
"And she was once very handsome, you

say ?"
"Yes, she must have been beautiful before illness and trouble set their marks upon her face. She is only a wreck now, but there is beauty in the wreck."

beauty in the wreck."

"How old do you suppose her to be?"

"Eight or nine-and-twenty. It is difficult to guess a woman's age within two or three years, and this woman's face is evidently aged by trouble; but I don't think she can be over

trouble; but I don't think so thirty."

'There is only one person I can think of who would in any manner answer your description," said Juanita, thoughtfully.

'Who is that?"

'Mercy Porier. You must have heard about Mercy Porter, the daughter of the woman at East lodge."

East lodge."
Yes, yes, I remember. She ran away with a middle aged man-an army man-one of your

"Yes, yes, I remember. She ran away with a middle aged man—an army man—one of your father's visitors."
"I was a child at the time, and of course I heard very little about it. I only knew that Mercy Porter who used to come to tea with my mother, and who played the piano better than the governess, suddenly vanished out of our lives, and that I never saw her again. My mother was quite fond of her, and I remember hearing of her beauty, though I was too young myself to know what beauty meant. I could not think anyone pretty who wore such plain frocks, and such stout, useful boots as Mercy wore. Her mother certainly did nothing to set off her good looks, or to instil vanity. Years after my mother told me how the girl disappeared one summer evening, and how Mrs. Porter came distracted to the house, and saw my father, and stormed and raved at him in her agony, saying it was his friend who had blighted her daughter's youth—his work that she had gone to her ruin. He was very patient and forbearing with her, my mother said, for he pitied her despair, and he feft that he was in some wise to blame for having brought such an unprincipled man as Colonel Tremaine to Cheriton, a man who had carried ruin into many homes. Mercy had been seen to leave Wareham Station with him by the night mail. He had a yacht at Weymouth. She wrote to her mother from London a fortnight afterwards, and Mrs. Porter brought the letter to my mother and father one morning, as they sat at breakfast. It was a heart-broken letter—the letter of a poor foolish girl who flings away her good name and her hope of Heaven, with her eyes open, and knows the cost of her sacrifice, and yet can't help making it. I was engaged to Godfrey when I first heard the details of Mercy's story, and of that letter, and I felt so sorry for her, so sorry, in the midst of my happy love. What had I done to deserve happiness more than she, that life should be so bright for me and so dark for her. I oid not know that my day of agony was to come."

"Did you ever hear how Colonel Trem

"Did you ever hear how Colonel Tremaine

"Did you ever hear how Colonel Tremaine treated her "
"No! I believe my father wrote him a very severe letter, and called upon him to repair the wroug he had done; but I don't think he even trook so much trouble as to answer that letter. He married a rich widow five years afterwards, so it is only too clear that he must have abandoned that poor, unhappy girl."
Theodore, with his wider knowledge of life, did not think the abandonment inevitable.
"Poor Mrs, Porter bore her misfortune very quietly after that one outburst of despair," pursued Juanita, "and my mother, who had not liked her before that time, quite took to her afterwards, and they have been good friends ever since. Scarcely a week passes without mother calling at the lodge."
"And has nothing been heard of Mercy since her flight?"
"Nothing."

plenty of room."

"Are you sure we shall not bore you?"

"I am sure you will cheer me. My sister-in-law is very good—but Lady Jane is the only person in this house of whom I do not get desperately tired, including myself," she added with a sigh. "Please say you will come, and I will order your rooms."

"We will come then. Good night, Juanita."
The shadows were falling as he drove away, after refu-ing tea in the drawing-room, and a further acquaintance with the wonderful children.

dren.
He looked forward to that evening at the friend you are to me, all that my husband might have been, if God had let him live. And now tell me, have you made any further discoveries?"

"One more discovery, Juanita, as I told you be squire's daughter to the sad close of a most unhappy life—and so ends the Strangway family as you know of their existence—that is to say, those three Strangways who had some right to feel themselves aggrieved by the loss of the land upon which they were born."

Tell me all you heard from Miss Newton. Your letter was brief and vague, but as I knew I was to see you at Christmas, I waited for fuller details. Tell me everything, Theodore."

He obeyed her, and related the bitter, commonplace story of Evelyn Strangway's life, as told him by her old governess. There were no elements of romance in the story. It was as common as the Divorce Court or the daily papers.

"Poor creatures! Well, there ends my them of the first time sinch his entrance," I he him for the first time sinch his entrance, "I am afraid, I am not very fond of children. It am afraid, I am not very fond of children. It am afraid, I am not very fond of children. It am afraid, I am not very fond be born grown up. Fortuna'ely Lady Jane adores them. And I am she had been upon Christmas Eve. She was not able to dis downstairs, and the family am that him ke here at Christmas time. I want all things to be as they were born."

I must gain something before I can lose that dream wakes me, and I know I am alone. God keep you, Theodore, from such a loss as mine."

"I must gain something before I can lose lit," he answered, with a shade of bitterness, "I see myself as the years go on hardening."

"I see myself sa the years go on hardening."

"The looked forward to that evening at the priory with an eager expectancy that he knew to be supreme foolishness, and when the evening came, it brought some measure of disaponation was she had been upon Christmas Eve. She was as the had been upon Christmas Eve. She was not able to dis with the olivent that it is living at the first time str

into a lonely old bachelor, outliving the capacity for human affection."

"That is nonsense-talk. You think so just now, perhaps. There is no one beyond your own family you care for, and you fancy yourself shut out from the romance of life—but your day will come, very auddenly perhaps. You will see someone whom you can care for. Love will enter your life unawares, and will fill your heart and mind, and the ambition that absorbs you now will seem a small thing."

"Never, Juanita. I don't mean to plague you with any trouble of mine. You have given me your friendship, and I hope to be worthy of it; but pray do not talk to me of the chances of the future. My future is bounded by the hope of getting on at the Bar. If I fail in that I fail in everything."

"You will not fail. There is no reason you should not prosper in your profession as my father prospered. I often think that you are like him—more like him than you are like your own father."

Their talk touched on various subjects after Johnnie and Lucy, who had over-eaten themselves, were disposed to be quiet, the little girl leaning her fair curls and fat, shining cheek against her grandmother's shoulder with an air that looked touching, but really indicated repletion, Johnnie sprawling on the carpet at his mother's feet, and wishing he had not eaten that mince pie, telling himself that, on the whole, he hated mince pies, and hoped he should never see one again. Godolphin and Mabel having dined early, were full of trouble-some exuberance, waiting to be jumped, whice entertainment Theodore had to provide without intermission for nearly half-an-hour, upheaving first one and then another towards the ceiling, first a rosy bundle in ruby velvet, and then a rosy bundle in white muslir, laughing, screaming, enraptured, to be caught in his arms, and set carefully on the ground, there to await the next turn. Theodore slaved at this recreation until his arms ached, casting a longing glance every now and then at the corner by the fireplace where his sisters were treating Juanita to the result of their latest heavy reading.

At last, to his delight, Lucy recovered from her comatose condition, and begaa to thirst for amusement.

"Let's have magic music," she said, "we can

"Let's have magic music," she said, "we can all play at that, Granny and all. You know you love magic music, Granny. Who'll play the piano? Not mother, she plays so badly," added the darling, with childlike candor. "Sophy shall play for you," cried Theodore, she's a capital hand at it."

He went over to his sister.

"Go and play for the children, Sophy," he said. "I've been doing my duty. Go and do yours."

Sophy looked agonized, but complied; and

Sophy looked agonized, but complied; and he slipped into her vacant seat.
He sat by his cousin's side for nearly an hour, while the children, mother, and grandmother played their nursery game to the sound of dance music, neatly executed by Sophy's accurate fingers. Their talk was of indifferent subjects, and the lion's share of the conversation was enjoyed by Janet; but to Theodore it was bliss enough to be there, by his cousin's side, within sound of her melodious voice, within touch of her tapering hand. Just to sit there, and watch her face, and drink in the tones of her voice, was enough. He asked no more from Eate, yet awhile.
He had a long talk with her in her own room next morning before he went back to Dorches-

He had a long talk with her in her own room next morning before he went back to Dorchester, and the talk was of that old subject which absorbed her thoughts.

"Be sure you find out all you can from my father," she said at parting.

Life at Cheriton Chase bore no impress of the tragedy that had blighted Juanita's honeymoon. There were no festivities this winter; there was no large house-party. There had been a few quite elderly, or middle-aged visitors during the shooting season, and there had been some slaughter of those pheasants which were wont to sit, ponderous and sleepy as barn-door fowls, upon the five-barred gates and post-and-rail fences of the Chase. But even those sober guests—old friends of husband and wife—had all departed, and the house was empty of all strangers when Theodore arrived there, in time for dinner on New Year's eve. Nothing could have suited him better than this. He wanted to be tete-a-tete with Lord Cheriton; to glean all in the way of counsel or reminiscence that might fall from those wise lips?

"If there is a man living who can teach me those wise lips?
"If there is a man living who can teach me

how to get on in my profession it is James Dalbrook," he said to himself, thinking of his

"If there is a man living who can teach me how to get on in my profession it is James Dalbrook," he said to himself, thinking of his cousin by that name which he had so often hear1 his father use when talking of old days. Lady Cheriton greeted him affectionately, made him sit by her in the library, where a seven-leaved Indian screen made a cosy corner by the fire-place, during the twenty minutes before dinner. She was a handsome woman still, with that grand-looking Spanish beauty which does not fade with youth, and she was dressed to perfection in lusterless black siik, relieved by the glitter of jet here and there, and by the soft white kerchief, worn a la Marie-Antoinette. There was not one thread of gray in the rich black hair, piled in messive plaits upon the aristocratic-looking head. Theodore contemplated her with an almost worshiping admiration. It was Juanita's face he saw it those classic lines.

"I want to have a good talk with you, Theo," she said, "there is no one else to whom I can talk so freely, now my poor Godfrey is gone. We sit here of an evening, now, you see. The drawing-room is only used when there are people in the house, and even then I feel miserable there. I cannot get his image out of my mind. Cheriton insists that the room shall be used, that it shall not be made a haunted room—and no dcubt it is best so—but one cannot forget such a tragedy as that."

"I hope Juanita will forget some day."

"Ah, that is what I try to hope. She is so young, at the very beginning of life, and it does seem hard that all those hopes for which other women live should be over and done with for her. I wish I could believe in the power of Time to cure ire. I wish I could believe that she will be able to love somebody else as she loved Godfrey. If she does, I daresay it will be some new person who has had nothing to do with her past life. I had been in and out of love before I met James Dalbarook, but the sight of him seemed like the beginning of a new life. I felt as if it had been preordained that I was to l "Will you tell her, or will you put me in the way of doing so?"
"Would you like to see Mrs. Porter?"
"Would you like to see Mrs. Porter?"
"Yes I feel interested in her, chiefly because she may depend if ever she should care for anyody, it will be a new person."
"Yery lucky for the new person."

may depend if ever she should care for any-body, it will be a new person."
"Very lucky for the new person, and rather hard upon anyone who happens to have loved her all his life."

"Is there any one—like that?"

"I think you know there is, Lady Cheriton."

"Yes, yes, my dear boy, I know," she answered kindly, laying her soft hand upon his. "I won't pretend not to know. I wish, with all my heart, you could make her care for you. Theodore, a year or two hence. You would be a good and true husband to her, a kind and just-dealing father to Godfrey's child—that fatherless child. Oh, Theodore, is it not sad to think of the child who will never—not for one brief hour—feel the touch of a father's hand, or know the blessing of a father's love. Such a dead blank where there should be warmth and life and joy. We must wait, Theo. Who can dispose of the future? I shall be a happy woman if ever you can tell me you have won the reward of a life's devotion."

"God bless you for your goodness to me," he faltered, kissing the soft white hand, so like in form and outline to Juanita's hand, only plumper and more matronly.

They dined snugly, a cosy trio, in a small. Is there anyone-like that?"

faltered, kissing the soft white hand, so like in form and outline to Juanita's hand, only plumper and more matronly.

They dined snugly, a cosy trio, in a small room, hung with genuine old cordovan leather, and adorned with Moorish crockery, a room which was called her ladyship's parlor, and which had been one of Lord Cheriton's birthday gifts to his wife, furnished and decorated during her absence at a German bath. When Lady Cheriton left them the two men turned their chairs towards the fire, lighted their cigars and settled themselves for an evening's talk.

The great lawyer was in one of his pleasantest moods. He gave Theodore the benefit of his experience as a stuff gown, and did all that the advice of a wise senior can do towards putting a tyro on the right track.

"You will have to bide your time," he said in conclusion; "it is a tedious business. You must just sit in your chambers and read till your chance comes. Always be there, that's the grand point. Don't be out when Fortune knocks at your door. She will come in a very insignificant shape on her earliest visits—with a shabby little two guinea brief in her hand; but don't you let that shabby little brief be carried to somebody else just because you are out of the way. I suppose you are really fond of the law."

"Yes, I am very fond of my profession. It is meat and drink to me."
"Then you will get on. Any man of moderate abilities is bound to succeed in any profession which he loves with a heart-whole love; and your abilities are much better than moderate."

moderate."

There was a little pause in the talk while Lord Cheriton threw on a fresh log and lighted

There was a little pause in the talk while Lord Cheriton threw on a fresh log and lighted a second cigar.

"I have been meditating a good deal upon Sir Godfrev's murder," said Theodore, "and I am perplexed by the utter darkness which surrounds the murderer and his motive. No doubt you have some theory upon the subject."

"No, I have not theory. There is really nothing upon which to build a theory. Churton, the detective, talked about a vendettasuggested poacher, tenant, tramp, gipsy, any member of the dangerous classes who might happen to consider himself aggrieved by poor Godfrey. He even went so far as to make a very unpleasant suggestion, and urged that there might be a woman at the bottom of the business, speculated upon some youthful intrigue of Godfrey's. Now, from all I know of that young man I believe his life had been blameless. He was the soul of honor. He would never have dealt cruelly with any woman."

"And you, Lord Cheriton," said Thecdore, hardly following the latter part of his cousin's speech in his self-absorption.

His kinsman started and looked at him in-

dignantly,
"And you—in your capacity of judge, for in-

His kinsman started and looked at him indignantly,

"And you—in your capacity of judge, for instance—have you never made a deadly foe?"

"Well, I suppose the men and women I have sentenced have hardly loved me; but I doubt if the worst of them ever had any strong personal feeling about me, They have taken me as part of the machinery of the law—of no more account than the iron door of a cell or a beam of the scaffold."

"Yet there have been instances of active malignity—the assassination of Lord Mayo, for instance."

"Oh, the assassin in that case was an Indian, and mad. We live in a different latitude. Besides, it is rather too far-fetched an idea to suppose that a man would shoot my son-in-law in order to avenge himself upon me."

"The shot may have been fired under a misapprehension. The figure seared reading in the lamp-light may have been mistaken for you."

"The assassin must have been uncommonly short-sighted to make such a mistake. I won't say such a thing would be impossible, for experience has taught me that there is nothing in this life too strange to be true; but it is too unlikely a notion to dwell upon. Indeed I think, Theodore, we must dismiss this painful business from our minds. If the mystery is ever to be cleared up it will be by a fluke; but even that seems to me a very remote contingency. Have you not observed that if a murderer is not caught within three months of his crime he is hardly ever caught within one month. Once let the scent cool and the chances are a hundred to one in his favor."

"Yet Juanita has set her heart upon seeing her husband avenged."

"Ah, that is where her Spanish blood shows itself. An Englishwoman, pure and simple, would think only of her sorrow. My poor girl hungers for revenge. Providence may favor her perhaps, but I doubt it. The best thing that can happen to her will be to forget her first husband, fine fellow as he was, and choose a second. It is horrible to think that the rest of her life is to be a blank. With her beauty and position she may look high. I am o

on."
Theodore saw only too plainly that whatever Theodore saw only too plainly that whatever favor his hopes might have from soft hearted Lady Cheriton, his own kinsman. James Dalbrook, would be against him. This mattered very little to him at present, in the face of his own sense of hopeless love. One gleam of hope from Juanita herself would have seemed more to him than all the favor of parents or kindred. It was her hand that held his fate; it was she alone who could make his life blessed.

New Year's day was fine but frosty, a sharp, clear day on which Cheriton Park looked loveliest, the trees made fairy-like by the light rime, the long stretches of turf touched with a silvery whiteness, the distant copses and boundary of pine trees half hidden in a pale gray mist.

gray mist.
Theodore walked across the park with Lady Theodore walked across the park with Lady Cheriton to the eleven o'clock service in the church, at the end of Cheriton village. It was nearly a mile from the great house to the fine old fifteenth century church, but Lady Cheriton always walked to church in decent weather, albeit her servants were conveyed there luxurable in a capacious omnibus specially rate income.

albeit her servants were conveyed there luxuriously in a capacious omnibus specially retained for their use. On the way along the silent avenue Theodore told her of his meeting with Miss Newton's protege, and of Juanita's idea that the woman called Marian might be no other than Mercy Porter.

"I certainly remember no other case of a girl about here leaving her home under disgraceful circumstances—that is to say, any girl of refinement and education," said Lady Cheriton.

"There have been cases among the villagers, no doubt; but if this girl of yours is really a superior person, and really comes from Cheriton, I think Juanita is right, and that you must have happened to stumble upon Mercy Porter, Her mother ought to be told about it, without delay."

she may be Marian's mother. I shall have to go to work very carefully, so as not to cause her too keen a disappointment in the event of Juanita's guess being wrong."

'I do not know that you will find her very soft-hearted where her daughter is concerned," replied Lady Cheriton, thoughtfully. "I sometimes fear that she has hardened hers if her own early life may have hardened her, perhaps. It is not easy to bear a long series of troubles with patience and gentlenes." with patience and gentlene s "Do you know much of her history?
"Only that she lost her husband w

"Only that she lost her husband when she was still a young woman, and that she was left to face the world penniless with her young daughter. If my husband had not happened to hear of her circumstances heaven knows what would have become of her. He had been intimate with her husband when he was a young man in London, and it seemed to him a duty to do what he could for her; so he pensioned off an old gardener who used to live in that pretty cottage, and he had the cottage thoroughly renovated for Mrs. Porter. She had a little furniture of a rather superior kind warehoused in London, and with this she was able to make a anug and pretty home for herself, as you will see if you call upon her after the service. You are sure to see her at church." are sure to see her at church."
"Was she very fond of her little girl in those

days ?"
"I hardly know. People have different ways
"I hardly know. She was very strict with "I hardly know. People have different ways of showing affection. She was very strict with poor Mercy. She educated her at home, and never allowed her to associate with any of the village children. She kept the child entirely under her own wing, so that the poor little thing had actually no companion but her mother, a middle-aged woman, saddened by trouble. If let very sorry for the poor child, and I used to have her up at the house for an afternoon now and then, just to introduce some variety into her life. When she grew up into a beautiful young woman her mother seemed to dislike these visits, and atipulated that Mercy should only come to see me when there were no visitors in the house. She did not want her head turned by any of those foolish compliments which frivolous people are so fond of paying to a girl of that age, never thinking of the mischief they may do. I told her that I thought she was over-careful, and that as Mercy must discover that she was handsome sooner or later, it was just as well she should gain some experience of life at once. Her instinctake canywhorter took he as if sh someholove to home. less die They nearing came s comparable chemining bounds

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id Theodore, f his cousin's ed at him in-

judge, for in-adly foe?" omen I have but I doubt strong per-ve taken me —of no more ll or a beam

es of active rd Mayo, for s an Indian, titude. Be-idea to sup-on-in-law in

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the talk while og and lighted Instinctive self-respect would teach her how to take care of herself; and if she could be safe anywhere she would be safe with me. Mrs. Porter is a rather obstinate person, and she took her own way. She kept Merey as close as if she had been an Oriental slave; and yet, somehow, Colonel Tremaine contrived to make love to her, and tempted her away from her home. Perhaps if that home had been a little less dismal the girl might not have been so easily tempted."

They had left the park by this time and were nearing the church. A scanty congregation

They had left the park by this time any were nearing the church. A scanty congregation came slowly in after Lady Cheriton and her companion had taken their seats in the comfortable chancel pew. The congregation was chiefly feminine. Middle-aged women in every day bonnets and fur-trimmed cloaks, with their shoulders up to their ears. Girls in felt hats and smart tight-fitting jackots. A few pions villagers of advanced years spectacled, feeble, with wrinkled faces half hidden under poke bonnets; two representative old men with long whice hair, and quavering voices, distinguishable above the scanty choir.

Am difficulty in discovering Mrs. Porter.

She sat in one of the front benches on the left side of the aisle, which side was reserved for the tradespeople and humbler inhabitants of Cheriton; while the benches on the right were occupied by the county people, and some small fry who ranked with those elect of the earth—with them, but not of them—a retired colonel of artillery and his wife, the village dector, and the village lawyer, and two or three female annuitants of good family.

A noticeable woman, this Mrs. Porter, anywhere. She was tall and thin, straight as a dart, wich strongly marked features and white hair. Her complection was pale and sallow, the kind of skin which is generally described as sickly. If she had ever been handsome all traces of that former beauty had disappeared. It was a hard face, without womanly charm, yet with an unmistakable air of refinement. She wore her neat little black straw bonnet and black cloth mantle like a lady, and she walked like a lady, as Theodore saw presently, when that portion of the little band of worshippers which did not remain for the celebration driboled slowly out of church. He left Lady Cheriton kneeling in the pew, and followed Mrs. Porter out of the porch and along the village street, and thence into that rustic lane which led to the west lodge. He had spoken to her ry familiar to her, so he had no scruple in introducing himself.

"Good morning, Mrs. Porter,

The Discovery of Robinson Crusoe.

On the 2nd of August, 1708, Captain Woodes Beyers left for a private-ring expedition to the Second of August, 1708, Captain Woodes Beyers left for a private-ring expedition to the Second of the Duke, burden about 250 tons, 25 guns and 100 men. He encountered many strange experished to the Duke, burden about 250 tons, 25 guns and 100 men. He encountered many strange experished by the Scottish mariner who was the original of Defoe's immortal hero, Robinson Crusoe.

In 1712, Captain Rogers published his journal and Illustrations, by Robert C. Lealie, under the titled of Life Aboard a British Privateer. Every reader of Saturday and Illustrations, by Robert C. Lealie, under the titled of Life Aboard a British Privateer. Every reader of Saturday and Illustrations, by Robert C. Lealie, under the titled of Life Aboard a British Privateer. Every reader of Saturday and Illustrations, by Robert C. Lealie, under the titled of Life Aboard a British Privateer. Every reader of Saturday and the light in the following Journal, so quaintly interruption to say that on January 15, 1709, the ships entered the South Sea. Several of the men were now suffering from senery, and it was determined to Fernandez. Of the men were now suffering a small island, they were in great fears they a state of the seneral private of the sen

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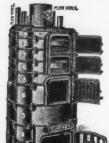
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Going Down the Hill.

People in middle life, or a shade past it, make a great mistake in surrendering to the insidious approaches of old age, and changing their habits and associations just because they are getting on in years. They should try and retain youthful feelings and vigor as long as possible, without of course being guilty of the folly of trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are really young, or can pass for being so. Nothing is more ridiculous than to see a grey-haired man, or a lady "of a certain age," assuming all the airs of young people-striving to rejuvenate their appearance by hair dyes and cosmetics, and speaking of themselves as though they had just entered upon life. But this sort of affectation is a very different thing from the attempt to retain something of the youthful freshness of feeling, activity and energy while frankly acknowledging that we are "not so young as we used to be." There is none of the foppery or self-deception of the antiquated masher about Mr. Gladstone for instance—but yet how few young or middleaged men are his equals in active work and intellectual accomplishment? The error which the man or woman who has passed the prime of life often makes is to subside into the armchair and hug the chimney corner, instead of continuing to mingle in the world and keep abreast with the times. They would do well to remember the old saying: "A woman is as old as she looks-a man is as old as he feels," and try to get as much good out of life as pos sible. It is better to wear out than to rust out.

The Craze for Notoriety.

One of the most marked characteristics of the present day is the prevalence of a mania for notoriety. Never before were there so many people striving by any and every means within their reach to make themselves seen and heard, to get their names into print, and to secure at least a brief and temporary publicity. The desire for fame, the wish to make a name that shall live in men's memories until a distant future, has always been a powerful incentive to action and a stimulus to the flagging ambition of men of powerful genius. But the modern itching for a sensational notoriety is a very different and a much lower passion. The notoriety-seeker, if he cannot be celebrated, deliberately prefers infamy to oblivion. He would be branded with the eternal stigma attaching to the names of Guiteau. Pigott, or Jack the Ripper, than be forgotten. While in a few instances this manifestation of morbid and over-weening vanity prompts great crimes such as that of "the daring youth who fired the Ephesian dome," and the assassins of Lincoln and Garfield, in the great majority of cases its victims simply become harmless cranks or chronic busybodies. They hang upon the edge of political and social movements, interview public men and haunt newspaper offices to the terror of unfortunate editors. They are always on the watch for a chance to thrust themselves forward, and inflict their crude, ill digested or trite notions upon the public. Every new agitation is a godsend to them. They eagerly seize the opportunity afforded by any public excitement of ventilating their notions and attempting to attract to their little selves some portion of the attention attaching to the subject. Many a good cause has been greatly retarded, if not defeated, by the shoal of fussy, brainless notoriety hunters who always push themselves to the front, while better and wiser men keep modestly in the background. No cause is any thing more to the man struck with the notoriety craze than the means of advancing him self. So long as he can hear his own selfcomplacent brays and see his name flourishing in the papers, he is in Elysium, whatever may befall the movement to which he has attached himself like a barnacle. Modern journalism is largely to blame for the abnormal development of the notoriety-craze. The interviewing system has its advantages when strictly confined to those who, by reason of their representative position or thorough acquaintance with public affairs, speak with some authority, or can throw a light on the topics touched upon. But it has been abused so as to pander to the vanity of conceited and ignorant nobodies and persons possessed of the mania for publicity. The ease with which nowadays. every vaporing and empty-headed scribe or spouter can get what he is pleased to call his 'views" before a large circle of readers has greatly fostered the evil. The notorietyseeker thrives on abuse. It is a perfect picnic for him when some editor or correspondent for want of anything better to do undertakes to refute or assail him. He would a great deal sooner be kicked than passed by unnoticed. The only effective way to deal with him is to let him severely alone.

The Farewell Tour.

"May I come in, St. Peter!"
"And who are you?"
"My name is Patti—Adelina Andsoforth
Patti." Are you sure you are ready to come in-

and stay

and stay?"
"Quite sure."
"But we give no return tickets in case you should wish to go out for a while."
"But I shall not wish to go out. Why should I wish to do so?"
"Well, I didn't know but you might want to drop down to earth again for another farewell tour."



There was a bumper house at the concert given by Torrington's Orchestra on April 11. Not only was the programme attractive, but the management had evidently made unusual efforts to stamp this as one of the most successful concerts of the season, and these efforts have been generously rewarded. The central figure, of course, was the array of enthusiasts, who form the nucleus of what may yet become one of the greatest orchestras of the continent. It is not so very long ago, that New York city, which now boasts of two of the finest orches tras in the world, was without anything in the shape of a permanent orchestra as good as the one under present consideration, and when the old Philharmonic Orchestra was first organized in that city in 1842, its birth was heralded with more "pooh, pooh!" than money. Yet it has grown in numbers and in excellence, until to day there are many, both Europeans and Americans, well qualified to judge, who say that it is not excelled by any band of its size in the world. Of course, its members were professional musicians largely, but there were in its early years many young members who won their spurs, so to speak, after joining it rather than before. So much so was this the case that this orchestra, now directed by Theodore Thomas, was the first by which he heard classical music performed.

Is not this an answer to those who decry the youthful efforts of Mr. Torrington's orchestra? An orchestra composed altogether of professional musicians is an impossibility in Toronto, in the present state of mind of such performers, as they will make no sacrifices them selves-will not even attend the rehearsals they contract for, and want the earth and the fulness thereof. To secure such men the per manent work of a season would necessitate a subsidy such as is paid to a choice little band in Buffalo, something like \$13,000, a matter which is also-not impossible-but very un likely in Toronto. Though we hear the Tor rington orchestra only a few times in each season, and though its performances may not rival those of Thomas, Seidl or Gericke, it is still a factor which should receive every encouragement, as it opens up a field of musicso rich and so full of the most endless variety of what has become the original model of all that is great and good in music, and so full of the stupendous modern conceptions-a field so inexhaustible that the performances of a generation could not display all its beauties.

But the danger to its progress and improvement lies neither in the lack of substantial support or in the anticipation of that lack, nor in the contemptuous remarks of those who belittle its efforts. It is rather internal than external. It lies more in the lack of responsibility shown by some of its members, and in the reception and assimilation of inordinate praise. As to the first, rehearsals have been held at which twelve or fifteen only of its sixty members have been present. When an even ing has been spent in hammering their work into something like tolerable shape, the next rehearsal bring another batch to be hammered, and the same dreary process has to be gone through again. This is human nature, it is true, but it does not necessarily produce good music, and as long as there are players in the orchestra who think that the mere naked ability to play the notes (alas! how few there are with even this attribute!) is sufficient for musicians of their talents, so long will the performances suffer. As to the question of praise, it is a delicate one. If such orchestral performances are measured by an abstract standard, honest analysis would discourage the band, and would be an injustice to it. On the other hand, if their work is valued at a standard primarily based upon the capabilities of the performers, and further softened by the feeling that these concerts are a good and an educator, even far beyond their intrinsic merit, then the pleasure felt by all music-lovers (including even the much-abused critics) is apt to be alloyed by the complacency of the performers, who think that the phrases that a shilling to spare to see his country and fellow no less when applied to them. "Eternal vigi-lance is the price of liberty"—so is eternal the price of artistic progress. That this striving may be initiated and enthusiastically persevered in, we all hope and wish.

The performance then was a very satisfactory one, all things considered, and one that reflected great credit on Mr. Torrington's tireless I was much struck with the precision shown by the orchestra in the Beethoven Cor certo, very well played, by the way, by Mr. Harry Field, whose technique was fully equal to this trying test. His reading was dainty and poetic rather than broad, but was refined in sentiment, and not without flights of fancy in phrasing, to which Mr. Torrington yielded as well as the rather inelastic body under his control would allow The measure of this freedom was decidedly creditable to both leader and band. The Maritana overture was exceedingly well played, and the Tannhæuser Festmarsch very properly delighted the audience. I question if there is any single number in the repertoire of the orchestra that affords Mr. Torrington as much enjoyment as does this morceau, and his revel ling in its beauties is imparted to the band, and the whole piece goes with a dash and spirit that is contagious to all within its influence. The fine Beautiful Rhine waltz would have been the better for a little more shading, especially as the melody of the Lorelei was rather overshadowed by the other parts. Mr. Forsyth's Romanza possesses many beauties. It is scored for a band richer in wind resources than this orchestra, but considering its difficulty, and the fact that it was conducted by a comparative stranger to the members, it was exceedingly well rendered. The accompani- pled by the best actors and actresses on ments to Mrs. Agnes Thomson's numbers were beautifully played, and the lady herself was never heard to better advantage. Her singing of the Albani and the greatest of French comedians, Casta Diva was a gem of distinct vocalization and accurate delivery. Her voice and method | preciated here, presented a piece of finished

upon them by this difficult number, and her singing of The Old Folks at Home touched many a heart. Mr Schuch gave a stirring rendirion of Norman's Tower, but did not sing the Evening Star from Tannhæuser at all well. Mesars. Clark and Corell contributed solos in their best style. Master George Fox must not be left out of consideration, for his violin solos were fully equal to the retention of the high opinion all his previous hearers had formed of him. To sum up-the soloists helped to make a success of the concert in which the orchestra demonstrated that its resources only need encouragement and work to make it one of the principal musical factors in the Province.

The Henschels gave another of their inimitable recitals at the College of Music on Saturday evening, and again demonstrated to our singers how much they have yet to learn— what a depth of artistic refinement and expressive elegance there is in song--as song may be sung. The prophecy that the next visit of these great artists will draw a crowded house is now, I fear, a mere truism.

At a Service of Song held at the Church of the Redeemer on Friday last, besides the usual good singing of the choir, especially fine work was done by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton in the solo in Mendel-sohn's Hear My Prayer, and by Miss Maud Burdette of Belleville in Handel's How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me.

The third quarterly concert at the Conservatory for this season took place on Saturday evening at Association Hall, and was crowded. A long programme was most creditably carried out by the pupils of the institution. The string quartette-Mesars, Boucher, Napolitano, D'Auria, and Dinelli-played the allegro moderata from the Haydn quartette, op. 64, and already displays admirable ensembles, and promises well for its future.

The usual number of sacred concerts which are arranged for Passion Week has taken place, and they will be noticed in due course next Saturday. Next Wednesday the fine choir of the Church of the A-cension resumes its Services of Praise, which have been intermitted during Lent On Monday, 29th, the Conservatory String Quarte te makes its formal public debut, and will play the Quartette, op. 12, by Mendelssohn, a Serenade, op. 15, by Moszkowski, a Menuet by Pessard, and the Quartette, op. 76, by Haydn. The Choral Society will give another concert before the close of the season, at which Signor D'Auria's cantata, The Sea King's Bride, libretto by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, will be

The Toronto Vocal Society has engaged Mr. Harry M. Field, planist; Mrs. Wilson O-man, soprano, and Mr. Adolph Hartdegen, violoncello, for its soloists at the concert on May 7. METRONOME.



Joe Murphy does not change much in these latter days. But though he is as familiar to Tcronto people as the bas-relief of Shakespeare which looks down benignly on the audience at the Grand, those who went to see him years ago go to see him again and laugh as heartily as ever at the jokes whose coming they know is as sure as Sunday. This argues a high degree of excellence in the actor and few men have been able to hold the fickle public's favor as long as the genial Irish comedian playing at the Grand Opera House this week, An Irishman's heart always warms towards anything which reminds him of "the ould sod," even if it be only a pig or a potato, and he has always would describe a Thomas performance mean countrymen represented-often very badly represented-on the stage. Perhaps this partially accounts for Joe Murphy's lasting popularity. effort and striving for individual improvement | It has certainly made him one of the wealthiest stars on the road to-day

Mr. Murphy is generally supported by a strong company and this year, with possibly one or two exceptions, his people give an excellent performance. Mr. T. C. Hamilton's Valentine Hay is very clever. Miss Belle Melville as Nora Drew and Miss Josie Stoffer as Alice Doyle are both of them pretty and take their parts in a very creditable manner. Last year when Mr. Murphy was here I threw out a suggestion that the performance would not suffer if those young women who come on in the third act dressed in knee breeches and jockey caps and blouses were dispensed with. I see they are still to the fore and still wondering what they are there for. But as this has become such a feature of the drama of the present day I have no more objections to make and shall not be surprised if the Roman soldiers whom Mr. Thomas Keene, the tragedian, will show us next week in Julius Cæsar, prove to be Amazons, wear pink tights and do a fancy march to martial music.

On Monday evening next Mr. O B. Sheppard, the popular manager of the Grand Opera House, takes his benefit. The play will be Lord Lytton's powerful drama, Richelieu, and the star Mr. Thomas W. Keene, a tragedian well and favorably known in Toronto. Perhaps there never was a season during which so many dramatic stars, famous in both the old world and the new, were seen in this city. Week following week with very few exceptions throughout the whole season the stage of the Grand Opera House has been occuthe American stage. Mr. Sheppard was also instrumental in bringing to Toronto Madame M. Coqueiin, who, however poorly he was apwere fully adequate to all the demands made acting which those who saw and understood

will never forget. The public of Toronto has shown that it can thoroughly appreciate good dramatic exhibitions and it should come out in full force on Monday night, not only to swell the box office receipts, but also to give the stamp of its approval to the enterprise which has brought to Toronto during the past winter many of the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament, Mr. Sheppard's friends are many, and they should see that on Monday he has an overflowing house.

The Old Oaken Bucket has been drawing fairly well at the Toronto Opera House this week. It is essentially a dog show. Some one has said to a writer of plays, "Here are so many dogs trained to do certain things. String a number of events together so as to admit the introduction of these dogs as frequently as possible," and it seems as if The Old Oaken Bucket was constructed in this way. This show is pretty well supplied with all the modern sensations. It has one of those fire scenes which have become popular of late, and several bits of realistic scenery assist the dogs in keeping up respectable amount of interest. But every thing is made subservient to the dogs. Even the human performers seem to be kept down in order to bring the St. Bernards out in bold re lief. The most vivid imagination cannot meta morphose any of the people in Grey & Stephen's company into actors or actresses. The per formance of the dogs, however, was uproari ously applauded, and they were brought before the curtain to respond to the homage properly accorded them as the principal performers.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Western dramatic critic, writing to the profession, remarks, with charming naivete: "If you people would only play more to the folks who pay their money to see you, and less to us deadheads there would be more fun all 'round.'

When Marquise shall have ceased to shock Parisians a new comedy called Mensonger, by MM. Bourget, Lacour and Decourcelle, will attempt to wipe the stain from the stage of the Vaudeville Theater. Marquise is said to be the naughtiest play produced in Paris for many years.

Charles Arnold, a clever German comedian who has been successful in London and the principal English provincial cities during the past two years in a musical comedy drama entitled Hans the Boatman, has been secured by Simmonds & Brown for a tour through this country during the coming season.

The New York Mirror says: "Col. Charles Shaw, late associate manager with Mr. Jacobs in the Toronto Opera House, has sold out his interest to Mr. Sparrow of Montreal. It is said that Col. Shaw is interesting some capitalists in a project to build a theater in Toronto for first-class attractions only." We hadn't heard of it.

A new Canadian circuit is in contemplation Arrangements are now about being completed whereby companies desiring to play east of Bangor can go to Frederickton, St. John and Moncton, N.B., and Truro, Halifax and Yar mouth, N.S. From the latter place, which has a new opera house, steamers can be taken direct to Boston. The above order can be reversed the con panies going to Yarmouth, and after completing the circuit leaving Frederickton for Upper Canada or Maine.

An American paper says: "If ever an actress received the cold shoulder and a snub, it was Mrs. Potter in Washington last week. Though the attendance at her performances was large the applause was extremely meagre. Society turned out in full force early in the engagement to witness her Cleopatra, and society was grievously disappointed. Socially, Mrs. Potter received no consideration whatever, and was not invited to any of the teas, receptions or afternoon card parties. Last year she was wined and dined rather extensively by General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, and even the General was not on hand this time. Of course her love-making to Kyrle Bellew created comment at the clubs for a time, but finally her audiences were composed chiefly of office clerks and diplomatic secretaries whose taste for the beautiful found gratification in the extremities of Cleopatra's fair feminine attendants, and Mrs. Potter's name ceased even to be whispered.

An exchange tells of a would-be actor who applied to Mr. Palmer for a position. Mr. Palmer, in his cuiet way, said :

"What claim have you to being an actor, d why do you adont the stage "Well," replied the W.-B. A., "you know, I

must live. "Not necessarily," replied Mr. Palmer.

This recalls another story of this long-suffer ng manager, who, by the way is reported to have read seven thousand plays during the past seventeen years-all bad but four. A wellknown theatrical agent called upon him in regard to an aspiring young Thespian who had been in one of the M. S. road companies.

"Does he know anything, Mr. Palmer?" asked the agent.

"Know anything!' repeated Mr. Palmer with tragic emphasis, and then, in a hoarse whisper, "My dear boy, he doesn't even suspect anything!"

In the most courteous and dignified manner, Mr. Henry E. Abbey announces that he will not manage Mrs. Potter next season, And, with this comes a bit of inside information that allies Mr. Kyrle Bellew with Mrs. Potter in a business connection next season. The new combination is to be known as the Bellew Potter combination, Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter to be starred equally, and the enterprise to be a joint speculation. It is not exactly known what they have decided to play, although it is more than likely that Cleopatra, Camille, and one or two other of the blue wrapper plays will be made the pieces de resistance. The Bellew-Potter combination will probably fare badly. It has been all very well for Mrs. Potter to steer her way through the rocks of the atrical life under the able guidance and care ful hand of Mr. Abbey and his associates; but she will find it rather difficult work, when she is left entirely to her own resources. If Mr. Abbey has been unable to make her a successful star, from a financial point of view, with all the experience and facilities at his command, under the guidance of so inexpe-rienced a person as Mr. Kyrle Bellew, she is probably courting disaster.



Easter Bells.

Easter bells ! Glad Easter bells! Ring your "silver jubilee! Earth's redemption-chorus swells In your matin threnody; Breaks the light o'er lands afar-Long in Error's sodden'd sway; Rolls apace the tones, which are Heralds of Millenial day.

Peal with joy for Easter more Golden glory gilds the sky. Once, the Son-of Mary born Born—for human weal to die— In the Cross and Passion paid All the peralties of sin; For the full atonement made-Rising-brought the Easter in.

So, Sweet Bells, ring hope and peace Unto all, who hear your chi Bid the restless surgings cease; Quelt the turbulence of Time ; Laud the Right, and leash the wrong; Praise the Truth, and on your wings Bear her Easter' triumph-song, Till the World its homage brings.

Easter Bells! Glad Easter Bells!! Ring for Freedom's golden reign; And the harmony which dwells Where her peaceful laws obtain! Peal for Christ, and crown Him King!
By His Grace our souls are free; Then, your Silver tongues may sing Easter Golden Jubilee.

L. A. MORRISON

A Lenten Lyric.

My lady-love, my lady-love, The fairest maid in town.

I love her when she smiles on me, I love her though she frown. Indeed I cannot chose but love. -So fair, sweet, true, is she,-My only marvel is that one Like her should stoop to me.

My lady-love, my lady-love, What e'er she does seems best : I love her when she dances, rides I love her when at rest; I love her when her laughter rings But in these Lenten days I ve found that, surely, best of all I love her when she prays.

A Lost Friend.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest, With childlike faith he oped to me his breast; No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief; No weak sess veiled, hidden no disbelief. The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare, And, ah, the shadows only showed the

I gave him love for love, but deep within I magnified each frailty into sin; Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed, Obscuring vale . where rivered virtues flowed, Reproof became reproach, till common grew The captious word at every fault I knew. He smiled upon the censorship, and bore With patient love the touch that wounded sore ; Until at length, so bad my blindness grown, He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best, Refused the gold, to take the dross for test? Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw ; His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw

At la t it came-the day he stood apart, When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart; When carpi g judgment and uncertain word A stern resentment in his bosom stirred ; When in his face I read what I had been, And with his vision saw what he had seen

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known When his love died that mine had perfect grown That when the veil was drawn, abused, chastised The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn a man must hold his friend Unjudged, accepted, faultless to the end.

The Neglectful Student.

For Saturday Night. Books over books, in wild confusion

Don't suffer from a vain delusion 'Tis the neglectful student's world 'Mid books he should have read before,

His time, now short, flies past.

With haste his work he plances o'er; 'Tis long- he must go fast. Two weeks-and then in Convocation. He faces dread examination

To fall or stand as Fortune acts. If Fortune favors and he gets

Such questions he may chance to know He rises higher on the steps
That lead him from the "fresh" below But if stern Justice overtake him.

And downy feathers from him fall, The fleecing he receives should make him A living warning to us all. University College, April, 1889.

Jacqueminots.

may not speak in wor's dear, but let my words be flowers, To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire; They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,

And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire. You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove; And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their

deepest passion. For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of $\,\mathrm{my}$

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her softly, roses, that my lips and eyes are lying
For the meeting of her lovelook and the rapture of her
kiss.
John Botth O'Rhilly.

Lex Talionis.

for Saturday Night.

He offered me his heart and hand Whereat I laughed and said him nay; But found too late that when he went He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note;

'Dear Jack,' it asked, with sweet design,
'' In love ju't fair to change one's mind?''
Said he: ''it is—and I've changed mine!

once fam Paris. S French c million f an estab of women It is no Sweden other is Hohenlo Maribor a perfec He is a poverty.

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Noted People.

Victoria Woodhull, now Mrs. Martin, "the once famous priestess of free love," is now in Paris. She has taken up her residence in the French capital, and is said to have spent two million francs on a house which is to be made an establishment for the gratuitous education

It is now quite believed that the betrothal of two of the Prince of Wales' daughters will take place this season. Prince Charles of Sweden is to claim one Princess, and the other is to be given to the Hereditary Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, now on a visit to Mariborough House, Prince Hohenlohe is handsome, of prepossessing manners, and with a perfect knowledge of the English language. He is also blessed with sufficient of the 'ready" not to be twitted on account of his poverty. He is certainly a most desirable

The handsomest man in Washington is a young baron, a recent addition to the German Legation. This beautiful creature besides possessing a fortune of six million of marks in his own right, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of Saxon manhood ever seen on this side of the water. He is six feet four in height and superbly proportioned. His hair and mustache are golden, his eyes of a turquoise hue. His manners are irreproachable and he is not yet thirty years of years. When this magnificent young giant appears dressed in uniform, his breast glittering with orders, he causes a sensation. Even the men admire him, and his great wealth adds to his personal charm.

The late Sir Thomas Gladstone's habits were frugal and somewhat parsimonious, at the following tale will show. He had let the fishings on his northern estate, but while in the vicinity of Fasque, a few years ago, he took a fancy to a fine salmon trout which was exposed for sale. After some haggling Sir Thomas purchased the fish, and hauded it to his servant to carry home. But James thought it beneath his dignity to carry a salmon by a twig passed through its gills, and seized an early opportunity of handing it over to a street porter, whom he was about to remunerate with a sixpence from his own pocket, when his master, observing the transaction, coolly remarked, "Give me the sixpence, James; I'll carry the fish home," and, taking the coin, he relieved the man of his bur-

Fate seems to pursue the royal heads of Europe. The heir to the throne of France was slaughtered by savages; the heir to the throne of Holland died a miserable death; the heir to the throne of Germany just lived to grasp the sceptre, and then succumb to an agonizing malady; the heir to the throne of Russia saw his father assassinated, and has himself been in constant terror of assassination ever since he ascended the throne; the heir to the throne of Austria died under circumstances of horror unequalled in the modern chronicles of kings; the King of Bavaria committed suicide, and dragged his companion with him to death; the King of Spain saw his young wife die under circumstances of the greatest suspicion, and having married again, was soon stricken down by an incurable disease, and passed away long ere his prime, leaving a baby in long clothes.

The consideration shown by both Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom to servants is a constant subject of grateful remark among them. Neither lady ever gives an order. She asks to have her commission done. Nothing a servant ever does escape the reward of a smile and a thank you. At the hotel where Mrs Cleveland lives the servants are put to much work carrying cards and packages to her rooms, but never make complaint. It is related that, rather than su mon the colored doorman to her when she wishes some extra commission executed, she sometimes saves him steps by going part way down the stairs to speak to him. On one occasion the doorman was almost dozing in his chair when a draught of air aroused him He started up to find Mrs. Cleveland pushing the heavy door open softly. "Oh," she said, smiling at his apologies, "I am so sorry you waked. I saw you were asleep, and didn't want to spoil your nap just to let me in."

Lord Salisbury's four elder sons have all embarked on regular professions. Lord Cranborne is to be the statesman, Lord William Cecil is a Hymn 187, Hallelujah, hearts to heaven and practices regularly at the bar, Lord Edward is in the Grenadiers, and Lord Hugh has still his career before him. By the bye, it may not be generally known that Lord William was inducted by his father into a comfortable living at the very time when the Marquis was engaged in carrying a Bill through Parliament, which was to prevent clergymen from taking livings until they had been a certain time in the church-which period Lord William had not yet completed. If, therefore, the Bill had become law before Lord William had gone through the formalities necessary to make him a vicar, it would have incapacitated him from becoming one for some time; but as it hap-pened the one "Bill" was able to get quicker into his living than the other Bill could get through the House.

After it became known that the Prince of Wales would inspect the 10th Hussars at York, the troops were drilling and marching with a difference that, although praiseworthy, was fatiguing, particularly for one of their officers, Prince Albert Victor. But, much as the young man likes to take life easily, he is too fully aware of the critical eyes with which his father will tollow his movements as he puts his men through their manœuvres, not to be willing to take any amount of trouble to make all pass off satisfactorily. There is no chance of any 'ault. of tenue escaping the uncommonly sharp eyes of the Prince of Wales; and, indulgent father though he be, he has contrived to impress upon the minds of his sons the fact that his approval is a thing well worth working for ; his censure a thing to be avoided by the wise. His Royal Highness thoroughly understands lart detre pere; perhaps it was his mother's total lack of dart detre more that a woke him to the necessity

King Milan's dread of assassination was lu dicrous in the extreme. He slept in a sort of armor-plated bedroom, the door of which he always locked himself. There was no chimney Hymn, The strife is o'er; Offertory, Quartette

of studying the question.

in the room, in case of bombs, a mastiff slept across the foot of his bed, and by his side there always lay a loaded revolver. It is also currently reported that the valiant King wore his coat of chain mail under his nightshirt. He certainly never moved abroad of late without it. He avoided made dishes, and lived largely on biscuits, tinned mea s, and eggs boiled in their shells. His wine was always uncorked in his presence; but perhaps if Milan had been aware of the cunning devices of the Hindu drink-sellers of Calcutta, he would have shunned the bowl entirely. For the clever Hindu can extract the contents of a bottle of fine brandy and refill it with the most poisonous stuff, without breaking cork, capsule, or label, or leaving the sightest outward and visible sign of his work.

The Queen of Festivals.

As the nativity of our Lord affords to the family the most joyous anniversary of the year, when all its members, no matter how far distant from each other, seek to reunite about the paternal board, so does the anniversary of the Resurrection, coming as it does with the return of spring, attune our thoughts to worship and praise and gratitude for our redemption. What more fitting expression of these hallowed feel ings can there be than that afforded by Music and her sister Song? So well is this known and so deeply is it felt, that in almost all denominations of the Christian religion, Easter is the season when the most elaborate musical services are rendered in the churches. In Toronto, with its hundred and fitty places of worship, and with its wealth of musical talent and musical interest, we are especially happy in the possession of a strong love for such services, and of a strong ambition to render them worthy of the great festival. Every year sees greater efforts to emphasize our joy, and every year sees greater beauty in the pæan of praise that arises to Him about whose throne the Cherubim and Seraphim cry Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

The programmes of the musical services in our principal churches are given below, as well as the names of some of the best known "sweet singers of Israel," who are taking prominent part in the festivity. It will be seen that on all sides progress is being made in the character and worth of the music to be rendered, and its constant improvement from year to year forms no mean indication of the musical growth and development of Toronto.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL-Morning-Introit, See now the palms, Faure, arranged by Dudley Buck; Te Deum, Calkin, in B flat; Jubilate, Cobb, in G; Anthem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory, Let your light so shine, Monk. W. E. Haslam, choirmaster.

St. Peter's - Morning - An hem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory sentences, Logiers. Evening-Anthem, Rejoice in the Lord, Elvey; Offertory, solo, Miss Jardine Thompson. W. E. Haslam, Choirmaster.

ST. SIMON'S CHURCH-Matins-Processional, 134. Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Christ our passover, Anglican; Psalms 2, 57, 111, Anglican; T. Deum. Barrett, in E flat ; Jubilate, Calkin, in B flat Introit Hymn, 131, Ancient and Modern, Carist the Lord is risen to day; Kyrie and Gioria, Dykes, in F; Nicene Creed, Stainer; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Sursum Corda, Sanctus, Dykes, in F: Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Woodward, in E flat; Hymns 107 and 124, Ancient and Modern; Recessional, Nunc Dimittis, Anglican. Evensong-Processional, 134, Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen 10-day; Psalms 113. 114, 118, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Gregorian; Anthem, This is the day the Lord hath made, Cooke; Hymn 132, Ancient and Modern, The day of resurrection; Recessional, 140, Ancient and Modern, Jesus lives. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH-Morning-Te Deuni. J. L. Hopkins; Anthem. God hath appointed a day, Tours. Evening-Festal Service in F. E. J. Hopkins; Anthem, As it began to dawn. George C. Martin. Percy V. Greenwood, organist and choirmaster.

CHURCH OF ASCE SION-Morning-Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Christ our Passover, Russell, in G; Gloria, Davies, in C; Te Deum, Marsh, in C; Jubilate, Wood, in E; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord, Sainer; Hymn 187, Awake, glad out, awake; voices raise: Offertory Sentences, Martin. Evening-Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen today; Gloria, Davies, in C; Cantate, Gilbert, in A; Deus, Gilbert, in A; Anthem, I know that my Redeemer liveth, Since by man, By man came also. For as in Adam, Even so in Christ, Worthy is the Lamb (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 273, I know that my Redeemer liveth; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection. Edgar R. Doward, organist and choirmaster.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER - Morning -Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Humphrey; Gloria Patri, Aldrich; Te Deum, Hopkins, in G; Jubilate, Schuch; Hymn 180, The strife is oer; Kyrie Schubert; Gloria Tibi, Anglican; Hymn 185, Jesus lives; Offertory Anthem, Christ is risen, Thorne. Evening-Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Gloria Patri, Aldrich: Magnificat, Dykes, in F; Nunc Dimittis, Dykes, in F; Anthem. Blessed be the God and Father. Wesley : Solos by Miss Annie Langstaff and Mr. E. W. Schuch; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection; Offertory; solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 187. Hallelujah! hearts to heaven. G. H. Fair

clough, organist; E. W. Schuch, choirmaster. CHURCH OF THE HOLY IBINITY-Choral Matins - Processional Hymn, 131; Easter Anthems, Chant; proper Psalms, Gregorian; Te Deum, Saffrey; Benedictus, Chanc, Hymn 135; during offertory-Carol, The world itself keeps Easter day. Communion Service-J. B. Calkin, in D. Recessional Hymn, 140. Evensong-Processional Hymn, 134; proper Psalms, rian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Chants Hymns 125 and 127; Anthem during offertory, Christ our Passover, Hodges; Recessional Hymn, 137. Organist and choirmaster, A. R.

GRACE CHURCH-Matins-Voluntary, Halle lujah Chorus (Messiah); Hymn, Welcome happy morning; Service, Bridgewater, in A; in G minor (op. 27), Spohr; Hymn, Lord Jesus we are one with Thee. Evensong-Voluntary I know that my Redeemer live h (Messiah) Hymn, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Service, Clarke-Wnitfield, in E.; Anthem, Christ is risen from the dead. Elvey; Hymn, Again the Lord of life and glory; Offertory, Melody in G, Petrali; Hymn, Alleluia, alleluia; Closing voluntary, Grand march in G. Mrs. York organist : G. Y. Timms, choirmaster.

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - Evening -Easter Service of Praise-Organ Prelude, Easter Offertoire, Guilmant; Chorus, The strife is o'er, Mendelssohn; Hymn, He dies! the friend of sinners dies; Chant; Anthem, Awake, thou that sleepest, Allen; Offertory; Hymn-Anthem, Ofor a shout of sacred joy, Vogt: Chorus, Rejoice in the Lord, Dr. Gaul; Hynnn, Christ the Lord is risen to-day, tune Essex Organ Postlude, Hallelujah, Handel; soloists, Mrs. Chestnut, Misses Muir and Morell, Misses Lugadin and Wood, Messrs, Lve and Young, and Messrs. Lugsdin. A. S. Vogt, organist and

ELM STREET METHODIST CHURCH-Morning -Anthem, Why seek ye the living (S. P. Warren), Miss Bunton and choir; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord (Stainer); Solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Handel) Miss Bunton, Evening-Duet, Now while by their bitter sorrow, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight; Trio, The Lord he is risen again, Mrs. Woodcock, Miss Grainger, and Miss Scott; Solo and Chorus, From thy love as a Father (Redemption Gounod), Miss Bunton and Choir; Solo, Resurrection (Shelley), Mr. Blight; Hallelujah Chorus (Handel). Mrs. H. M. Blight, organist; H. M. Blight, conductor.

St. Michael's Cathedral-Grand musical service at High Mass, 10.30 a.m. Haydn's Grand Mass No. 2, with chorus of 40 voices. Soloist -- Soprano, Mrs. Jos. O'Hara, Mrs. Tilly Vale, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss P. Sheehan, Miss Lizzie Fletcher, Mrs. Mary Hager; Contralto, Miss Anastasia Murphy, Mrs. Phelan, Miss Reese; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Ward, W. J. Mac-Namara: Basso, Mr. Caron, Frank Anglin, Michael Stack J. Crowley, Mr. Keith. At the Offertory will be rendered Regina Coeli, Lambillotte, Duett and Chorus. Evening-Trio, O Salutaris Hostia, Mercadante; Soprano, Mrs. O'Hara; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Warde; Baritone, Mr. Frank Anglin; also Grand Tantum Ergo. J H. Lemaitre, organist.

St. Basil's Church-High Mass 10.30 a.m. Kalliwood's Grand Mass in D. The orchestra will be led by Messrs. Bailey and Boucher. Soloists-Soprano, Miss Bolster and Miss Orms by; contralto, Mrs. Gough; tenor, Mr. J. F. Kirk; bass, Mr. H. T. Kelly. The offertory piece will be Hæc Dies, by G. H. Nixon; bass solo, Mr. Kelly, and chorus accompanied by orchestra. At the evening service, 7.30 o'clock, Generali's Grand Musical Vespers; Benediction, Regina Cœli, Lambillotte; O Salutaris (quartette), Sir M. Costa; Tantum Ergo, Beale, soprano solo and chorus. Rev. P. Chalandard,

St. PAUL'S (Roman Catholic)-High Mass at 11 a.m., Mozart's Twelfth Mass; soloists, Misses Curran and Carroll and Messrs. Tomney and McGuire; O rest in the Lord (Elijab), Mendelssohn, Mr. Petley; O Salutaris, Mr. Petley; Tantum Erro, Millard, Mr. Durham.
Unitarian Church-Morning-Union ser-

vice of congregation and Sunday school, composed of resconsive readings, glorias, chants nymns. Easter carols, anthems and musical

QUEEN STREET METHODIST CHURCH-Morn -g-Hynin, 172, The rising God forsakes the omb; Anthem, Why seek ye the living among the dead, Clare; Hymn, 173, Sons of God, triumphant rise; Solo. But thou didst not leave his soul in nell (Handel), Miss Howard; Hymn, 170. Hail thou once despised Jesus, Evening-Hynn, 171. Ye humble souls that seek the Lord: Anthem. Recitative and Air. On the first day of the week (Lott), Mr. Robert Spice; Chorus, He is not here for He is risen; Hymn 174, Hallelujah : solo, I know that my Redremen liveth (Handel), Mrs. Baxter; Hymn, 175, God is gone up on high. James B. Baxter,

conductor. TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH-Morning-An them, The Lord is king, Pittman. Afternoon -Easter service by the Sunday school. Even ing--Anthem, Praise ye the Father, Gounod. Solos by Mrs. Caldwell. W. J. McNally, choirmaster.

BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH-Morning-Voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus, Han del; Anthem, Christ being raised, Elvey; Anthem, Now on the first day, Label; Solo, Christ is risen (Lloyd), Mrs. Murray Dickson; appropria e hymns; Voluntary, Sing unto God, Handel. J. G. Lawson, choirmaster and conductor.

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH-Morn ing-Anthem, I will mention Thy loving kindnesses (Sullivan), solo Mr. Dent. Evening-Anthem, Break forth in joy, Barnby; Chorus, Unfold ve portals, Redemption, Gounod, F. H. Torrington, director.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES-MOTE ing-Mozart's first mass in C. Soloists, Miss McGrath, Miss Crofe, soprani; Miss Scott, contralto; Messrs. Lee and O'Connor, tenors, and Messrs. Horetzski and Gendron, bass. Obernier's orchestra will assist. Evening-Vespers and benediction, by the full choir Gound's Ave Verum; a selection from Mors et Vitæ, with viola obligato, by Mr. Obernier; and Gounod's Ave Maria, by Mrs. McGann, with violin obligato, also by Mr. Obernier. Mr. L. J. Richardson, director.

'Varsity Chat.

The programme for the Modern Language Club next year is already being mapped out. Mr. Stuart's notice calls for essays on each of the following subjects: Lake Foets, Dickens, Tennyson, Canadian Authors, each subject to be treated by three essayists and from three standpoints. Attention will also be paid to the early English drama as represented by Marlowe, Jonson, and Massinger, to modern masters of style, Lamb and Pater, and the outhern school of fiction, to which the Harpers devoted considerable space in May, 1887. Mr. Bonner asks for a number of essays on German authors.

A petition is now on the janitor's table which has received many signatures and awaits more. In a preamble of several clauses the necessity and who never learn. John Bright's Home.

Perhaps the first impression produced by a view of Mr. Bright's residence, One Ash, Rochdale, is that it is in harmony with the veteran tribune's own character. Mr. Bright, when at home, ensconced himself in no scene of sylvan beauty, where the warbling of birds and the rippling of brooks may soothe the senses and lull to langurous ease. His house is a plain, solid, unpretending building of red brick. The grounds in which it is contained are not extensive, and as to the entourage, he would be a remarkably imaginative person who could see any beauty in that.



GREENBANK, NEAR ROCHDALE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright, however, when as a young man he married and entered upon his career, built One Ash to please himself. It has been his home ever since. He loved it. For him its bleak position on the confines of a desolate Lancashire moor had no terrors. Within its gares he was in touch alike with the famous mills across the road, in which he employed over 1.000 hands, and with the people of ugly, smoky, irregular, but thriving Rochdale, the thousand and one tall chimneys of which form the not very enchanting prospect that is presented when one's eve, looking out of the front windows, passes the limits of the garden and is directed to the region beyond. Mr. Bright, whose life's work has been for the people, had chosen to dwell amongst them.

m. A sufficient idea of the exterior of One Ash may be obtained from the illustration. It faces

A sufficient idea of the exterior of One Ash may be obtained from the illustration. It faces the south. Immediately in front is a graveled terrace, from which a grassy slope descends to the lawn, and fringing the lawn are shrubberies. The entrance to the house is at the eastern end, near to the porch being the famous tree—the one ash—which gives verisimilitude to the name that has been chosen for the residence. How came the name to be selected? Thereby hangs a tale. Some of the ancestors of Mr. Bright lived in Derbyshire, at Mony—or, as it was alternatively cailed, Many—Ash. The story is that when Mr. Bright built his prevent house he saw an opportunity for making humorous capital out of the existence of a solitary tree of the species, and by way of antithesis to the appellation of the home of his ancestors christened his new residence One Ash.

The dwelling is admirably planned. The door opens upon a corridor that runs the whole length of the center of the ground floor, and off which on each side branch the living rooms. Let us proceed at once to the study, for, though Mr. Bright has lately preferred to write in the drawing-room, here it was that in the busy period of his life all his great efforts were meditated and prepared for. It is just the room for the purpose. Placed at the extremity of the corridor, on the right hand, its window is cut in the western flank of the house, and the outlook is precisely what one may take to be best conducive to mental effort. A little grass plot in the foreground, a giant rhododendron bush—the only shrub, you learn, that really thrives in Rochdale smoke—shutting in all beyond and around. It is a delightfully peaceful little prospect, one to insensibly soothe the eye, and by screening off all distracting sight or sound to materially aid the process of concentration. It is not a large room—no study, perhaps, ought to be so—but to the visitor it is full of interest.



ONE ASH, ROCHDALE.

One notices with satisfaction that, notwithstanding the breach between himself and Mr. One notices with satisfaction that, notwithstanding the breach between himself and Mr. Gladstone, the counterfeit presentments of his old ally still enjoy the place of honor in Mr. Bright's sanctum. Two portraits hang on the walls—one representing the ex-Premier in wood-cutting costume, seated on the gnarled roots of a tree—and a striking bust of Mr. Gladstone surmounts a mirror book-case containing the handy volumes of Cassell's National Library. Other portraits are engravings of Abraham Lincoln, Joseph Hume, Villiers and George Washington. A memento of the last-named, as interesting as it is valuable, hangs also on the wall. It is a framed letter of the great American liberator, dated from Cambridge, U. S., on the 17th of December, 1775, and is as follows:

Sir.—The applications for liberty to go to the lines are so frequent that they cause much trouble. You will therefore, Sir, grant passes to such as you think proper. At the same time I would recommend to you that the officer who will attend upon these occasions be an officer of sense, and one who will carefully attend to the conversation of those who meet on the lines.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, George Washington.

The paper is yellow and the ink faded, but the handwriting is a model that might be copied in the present year of grace by anyone who aims at a neat and clear caligraphy. A bust of Mr. Bright himself is one of the features of the room, and an old portrait of himself and his daughter, Mrs. Clark, finds a place upon the mantelpiece.—Pall Mall Budget.

for increased athletic accommodation is set forth, and the senate is besought to have the field in the rear of the building levelled so as to be ready for use next fall. It is to be hoped that this petition will not meet with the usual fate of such documents.

We have received an invitation for a representative to Queen's College Conversazione on April 23. We appreciate the compliment, but no representative can possibly be sent so late

Cricket practice goes on beside baseball, but the latter has a decided preference-owing to the tour, of course. It will be a good year for ambitious tail-enders who wish to secure a place on the team and have their photographs

Lectures come to an end this week. Some have already ceased while others are being crowded on at the last moment. But the last will be delivered and we shall retire to our shells and bury ourselves in books, to reappear on Thursday, May 1, at the registrar's call and receive our pseudonyms and go down through the dark valley.

At this stage everybody regrets his own laziness. A day in April is worth a week in November, Some will continue to regret all summer, others will heave a sigh of relief about June 15, and in their joy forget all about the good resolutions now being hourly made. Experience ought to teach us sense, but somehow or other it does not. The human nature in us is the same as that in men who are fooled and fooled again on the stock market and who never learn.

NEMO,

NEMO, ness. A day in April is worth a week in

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address-" Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

G. W. B.—The estimated population of Buffalo is 240,000, Detroit 260,000, Toronto 170,000. INQUIRES. - I know of no place in Canada where the skes you ask for can be purchased.

-The art of making sugar from sap of maple trees at discovered in 1752 in New England. J. P., Winnipeg.—The Farmin' Editor's Sketches has ever been published in book form, but will make its ap-earance this summer.

pearance this summer.

C. A. V.—It is not considered necessary to acknowledge
the receipt of a birthday card, nor to respond to a letter or
card of condolence. A widow retains her own Christian

card of condoience. A window retains her own Christian name.

As Inquirer, Toronto.—The generally accepted meaning of the word Mizpah is, The Lort witch between thee and me. The Bible Dictionary gives the word as meaning watchtower.

Subscheer, Deerhurst.—You should apply to the fence viewers to come and settle your dispute. The rails which are on A's land can be claimed by him, but if you are wise you will keep out of a land fence lawsuit. You are aggravating an unprofitable strife.

A Subscheer, Guelph.—Your writing is not extra good, but your education appears to be sufficient for a member of the police force. Your size and age are up to the standard of the Toronto force There would be a very slight chance of your getting an appointment unless you lived in Toronto and had good references, as the applications for positions are very numerous.

Ax Anxious Inquirer, Barrie.—Publishers sometimes pay

AN ANIOUS INQUIRER, Barrie.—Publishers sometimes pay for short stories, but they have to be excellent and a writer is in very good luck if he gets the first stories printed at all. 2. Manuscripts should be written on one side of the paper only and sent with a wrapper round them like a newspaper or in a large unsealed envelope. 3 Your permansis is fair. With practice it would be quite a ladylike hand.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SER'ES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

The Farm garden was all ablaze with midsummer flowers. On either side of the narrow gravel path they crowded one upon the other in sweet wild confusion—pink and crimson double-poppies nodding their heads in the gentle breezes, tufts of white pinks, golden marigolds and deep-blue lupins, feather sprays of "old man," with its strange pungent odor, deep-eyed purple pansies and old-fashioned cabbage-roses; and behind them all a hedge of sweetbriar, with tall spikes of many-colored hollyhocks and grey broad-faced sunflowers in a row, with here and there a stately filly standing up pure and white and virginal, like some dainty lady lifting her delicate head above the crowd of humbler village beauties around her. The bees were having a good time of it in Mayneld Farm garden this morning. Such a buzzing and humming there was in the air—such a whirring of wings—such a hurrying to and fro between the flower-borders and the deep straw thatched hives along the southern wall—the wall upon which Kathleen sat and watched them with quietly-absorbed eyes!

There was not a fairer flower in all the old Farm garden than Kathleen herself. She sat very still upon the wall, her white sun-bonnet, that cast soft shadows on her rose-tinted face, tilted a little bit torward over her eyes, her arms straightened out behind her, the small fingers, browned by the sun, but fine and delicate in shape, clenching the rough bricks and the moss against which they rested, her lithe young figure, in its simple cotton gown, inclining backwards so that every symmetrical outline was shown off in all its natural grace, whilst not all the disfigurement of coarsewoven cotton stockings and homely villagemade shoes could conceal the perfectly-made little feet and the slender ankles that peeped forth one above the other beneath the hem of her dress. Could this graceful child, with her rare beauty and natural air of distinction, be really and truly the daughter of old Farmer Dobson and of Jean, his honest, hard-working wife?

ife! Nobody in Mayfield had ever asked them Nobody in Maynein and ever asked themselves the question—save perhaps Mr. Englefield the clergyman, or Doctor Greeve as he passed her by on his rounds, mounted up on his high dog-cart. The rest of the village world troubled itself very little about her. She was, they thought, "just an idle, feckless little thing," spoilt and petred, and brought up to do

they thought, "just an idle, feckless little thing," sooilt and petted, and brought up to do nothing by her over-indulgent parents.

Kathleen was quite happy in her own way. The flowers were her children, tended and watered by her own hands; the bees were her daily companions; the little dog that sat watching her with quivering tail, the kitten that rubbed his soft fluffy back against her foot, were her friends. She was quite happy; she was fond of her father and mother with a vague unquestioning fondness. Nobody was unkind to her, no one ever spoke cross words to her. She had hardly shed a single tear in all her short life. She was perhaps a little selfish; but then she had not a care in the world, so how could she be otherwise?

And yet, at this very hour, as she sat in the sunshine watching the bees as they buried themselves murmuringly in the golden hearts of the scented flowers, trouble and change were already on their way towards her; the last not of her innocent child-life had struck, and new things were about to befall her.

Mrs. Dobson was behind the house in the chicken yard tending her young broods, little fluffy creatures that hurried forward at her approach to devour the contents of the tin bowl poured out on the ground for their benefit; the good woman, who was broad-featured and rough, quite unlike the delicate dream-child in the flower-garden, had turned up the skirt of her dress over her head to protect it from the sun, and was duly engrossed with her occupation.

She had a keen eye for all her feathered

She had a keen eye for all her feathered charges, flung a special scrap of meal to the delicate chick in the background, separated delicate chick in the background, separated two angry belligerents with her iron spoon, drove away the elders in favor of the younger and weaker fledglings, and was altogether quite in her element, when suddenly, looking up at the distant sound of approaching wheels, she perceived over the farm wall a smart mailphaeton approaching the house rapidly down the hill.

Dobson stood upright and shaded her Mrs. Dobson stood upright and shaded her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the afternoon sun. There was something of disquietude in her attitude. The carriage drew nearer and nearer. There were two handsome stepping bay horses in it, a neat groom behind, and a middle-aged gentleman dressed in deep mourning on the driving-seat.

With a sudden exclamation of surprise and dismay, Mrs. Dobson dropped her hand and her bowl of chicken-meal simultaneously, and hurried back into the house.

Everybody was in the hay-field—men, maids,

hurried back into the house. Everybody was in the hay-field—men, maids, and master—on this fine summer day—everybody but herself and Kathleen. Where was Kathleen, by-the-way? Safe out of the way, she hoped. Perhaps she had gone down to the hay field to

heid her hand for a moment over her fast-beating heart.

"I could not be mistaken!" she murmured nervously. "It's years ago, but I should know him anywhere! Just the same cold hard face, only a little grayer and older. What can he

Then her sharp ears caught the clatter of hobnailed boots in the back passage. One of the farm boys had come to the house on some trifling errand. "Run, run, Jim!" cried the mistress to him.

"Run, run, Jim!" cried the mistress to him.
"Put down that beer can, and run as fast as
ever you can back to the field! Tell Mr. Dobson
to come home at once; he is wanted very
particular, tell him, up at the house."
Jim sped off with shambling but rapid steps,
and Mrs. Dobson breathed more freely.
"I could not face his lordship alone!" she
muttered to herself as the phaeton and its
smart pair of horses came dashing up to the
front door.
Mayfield Farm was a solid red brick and

muttered to herself as the phaeton and its smart pair of horses came dashing up to the front door.

Mayfield Farm was a solid red brick and gabled old house, with twisted chimneys and deep overhanging eaves. The little gravel sweep in front was as neat as the approach to a gentleman's house; and the roses and clematis clambering all round the lattice windows rendered the place picturesque and thoroughly homelike in appearance. There was a look of comfort and well-to-do-ness about it which the gentleman noted with approving eyes as he drove up to the door.

"It wasn't such a bad home for the girl after all," he said to himself, whilst the groom was ringing the bell.

The porch door stood wide open, and, as the beil rang, the farmer's wife herself, curtseying shyly, stood in the open doorway.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Dobson within?"

"I am Mrs. Dobson, my lord."

He looked at her sharply.

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I remember you. I want to speak to you, Mrs. Dobson—to you and to your good nusband.

Lord Elwyn followed Mrs. Dobson into the best parlor, still called at Mayfield by that old-fashioned name. His eyes, as he entered, took in the old prints upon the faded walls, the blue and-white china upon the mantel-shelf, the great bowl of pot pourri on the table, the little collection of English poets and standard novels in the bookcase against the wall. There was nothing pretentious about Mrs. Dobson's best parlor. It was all very simple, but it was all good of its kind; and there were an open rose-wood cottage plano with some music upon it and some fresh flowers in vases about the room,

that gave yet further evidence of feminine refinement in the little parlor. Lord Elwyn had assuredly paid no attention to all these details the last time he had been in this very room seventeen years before.

"You will wonde" what has brought me to Mayfield, Mrs. Dobson," said the great man to the farmer's wife.

the farmer's wife.

Mrs. Dob-on did wonder very much indeed, and wished from the bottom of her heart that her good man would make haste and come up from the hay field. If she had had the strength of mind to make any rejoinder to her visitor's remark, she would have said, "No good, I'll be bound!"—but, as that would scattely have been a civil remark, she only curtseyed again, and casting down her eyes, awaited the issues of

"I have had a great sorrow this year," said Lord Elwyn gravely. "I have lost my only on."
The good woman's eyes sought his sympa-

The good woman's eyes sought his sympathetically.

"Dear me, my lord, I am very sorry to hear it!" she said feelingly.

"I will not dwell on it," he added a little hurriedly. "I mentioned it only to arrive more easily at the object of my visit. My poor son was fifteen—he died of consumption, abroad. Perhaps you know that I have no other child—by my present wife, I mean," he added hastily, catching a curious look of surprise in the woman's eyes, "In these circumstances Lady Elwyn and myself have determined, if it is in any way feasible, to acknowledge Kathleen and to have her to live with us." with us "
Oh, Lord Elwyn, you would not surely take

"Oh, Lord Elwyn, you would not surely take her from us?"

"Have I not the right?" he asked coldly.

"After all these years—and she knows nothing! Oh, it is hard!"—and poor Mrs. Dobson burst into tears.

There was a heavy step upon the threshold, and the farmer entered the room. He looked in amazement from the tall figure of the well-dressed man, standing up stiffly and erectly with his back to the fireplace, to the crouching form of his solbling w.fe.

with his back to the fireplace, to the crouching form of his sobbing w.fe.

"Lord Elwyn has come to take our darling away!" cried the poor woman, amid her tears. Lord Elwyn made a gesture of impatience.
"Surely there is nothing to make a grievance about! I confided my little girl as an infant to your care; I told you to bring her up as your own—to conceal her parentage from her. My foolish early marriage was, as you know, a thing I did not care to acknowledge. Her poor mother died, and but for the child's existence the whole business would have been wiped out. Now it suits me to own her and to take her back. There is nothing to make a fuss about. I have changed my mind concerning her—that is all. I have paid you well—you will not be the losers in any way. I will make it as well worth your while to give her up as it has been to keep her."

Worth your wine to give her up as it has been to keep her."

He spoke with angry irritation; having made up his mind to cancel the work of years, he did not care to be thwarted at the outset; he made no allowance for sentiment—sentiment indeed entered very seldom into Lord Elwyn's calculations—he chose to consider the whole transaction solely and entirely from a business region of view.

calculations—he chose to consider the whole transaction solely and entirely from a business point of view.

"You have been well paid," he said again angrily—"what have you to complain of?"
"It's not the money, my lord," said Dobson slowly, speaking for the first time—"we don't complain about that—you've always paid us fair. What the missus and I will take to heart sorely is the losing of our little girl."

It annoyed Lord Elwyn to hear him speak of his daughter with this familiar tondness. All these years he had given his child up to these worthy people, bidding them call her by their own name and be unto her as a father and mother; and yet now, because the whim had come to him to take back his own, he was angry to find how thoroughly the good people had carried out his instructions.

"Tat, tut!" he said, waving his hand impatiently. "I am in my right—it suits me to acknowledge her."

The farmer, who was a man of few words, bent his head in assent, while Mrs. Dobson became dissolved anew in tears.

"Let me see her at once!" said Lord Elwyn peremptorily; and Mrs. Dobson slipped away to find and prepare the child who had grown as dear to her as though she had been her own.

Scarcely nowever had the door closed upon her when from the garden there came the sound of a bright singing voice, and across the little grass-plot before the open window Kathleen came bounding forward, her kitten p-rehed upon her shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.

"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you had a sound of a bright singing voice, and across the little grass-plot before the open window Kathleen came shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.

"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you

upon her shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.
"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you back already? I was just going for my rake and coming down to the meadow to help! Why, it is nearly tea-tine—and not a stroke of work has your idle Kathie done all day!"
Suddenly she stood still, as through the open French window she caught sight of the stranger within the room. As for Lord Elwyn, he was struck speechless. Such a vision of loveliness as was this charming maiden he had certainly been wholly unprepared to see.
Coming along he had been filled with not hay field too.

Mrs. Dobson turned into the best parlor, smoothed her rumpled locks at the glass, and held her hand for a moment over her fast-

nnatural apprehensions concerning the cumu he had not seen for seventeen years. She would be rough and uncouth, no doubt—awkward in manner, ungainly in appearance—how could he expect her to be otherwise? She might well have inherited personal beauty, for the unnatural apprehensions concerning the child be had not seen for seventeen years. She would he expect her to be otherwise? She might well indeed have inherited personal beauty, for the first Lady Elwyn, whom he had secretly married out of a village inn in his college days, had been beautiful as a poet's dream; but her child's beauty, if she had any, would surely be of that wild untutored type which might be very charming in a farm-yard, but would scarcely be in hts proper place in a Belgravian drawing-room!

be in its proper place in a Belgravian drawingroom!

"She will have to be licked into shape in a
boarding-school!" he had said to himself. But,
when he saw her, all his terrors were put to
flight in a moment. She was beautiful with
all and more than all her dead mother's
beauty; she was graceful with a grace which
not all the homeliness of her garments could
conceal: and there was, moreover, a certain
stamp of birth set upon the broad white brow
and upon the small well-shaped head and oval
face which her father recognized at once-recognized with a glow of pride as the hall-mark
of his own family.

"Come in, my dear," said Dobson to the
hesitating girl. She came in shyly through
the open window. "The gentleman—Lord
Elwyn—has come to see you."

"To see me, daddy!" she echoed wonderingly.

It was a curious little scene that followed.

Kathleen went forward and held out her small

hand tim dly to the stranger.

"How do you do?" she said simply.

Lord Elwyn grasped her hand and drew her

"Tell her, Dobson," he said to the farmer. "Tell her, Dobson," he said to the farmer.

And Dobson told her. Somewhat lamely and brokenly he related the story—the story of long ago which both men knew so well, but which to the girl was such a marvellous revelation of things undreamt of—the story of a rich man's son who fell in love with a humbly-born girl, and who marriage a secret till the young wife had died in giving birth to her first child; and then how he, still fearing the anger of an autocraric father, had determined to provide as best he could for the child and never to acknowledge it, and how he had gone away and forgotten her; and how, when time had passed on, he had married a second time in his own rank of life and had had another child, a son and heir, so that the daughter of his youth was left.

Then like a thunder-clap out of heaven came in the read to breathe a word of his passion to her, believing that time and constant association would draw her gradually to him. Moreover, he was still a struggling man, and scarcely in a position to marry yet. There was no house on the land which he farmed, and Tom lodged in a cottage belonging to one of his own laborers. He knew that he would have to well-to-do a man as Farmer Dobson would give him his only child—and such a tenderly-nurtured child as was dainty little Kathleen. Still he had been quite content to wait, and had been from his lady-love; and all the good elements in him had flourished and thriven in the companionship of the girl he loved.

Then like a thunder-clap out of heaven came

Young as she was, ignorant of life, unversed in the traditions and ways of the world, it all became clear to her at last—the pitiful story of her own birth, of her mother's early death, and of her father's obliviousness of herself. She grew red and white by turns as she listened with tightly-clasped hands and eyes opened wide from emotion which wandered quickly from her foster-father sitting by the table to this new real father standing with his back to the fireplace.

from her foster-father sitting by the table to this new real father standing with his back to the fireplace.

"Ard now, my dear," said the farmer, as he concluded his little recital—"now my lord has come to claim you, and you will go away to be a great lady, and have advantages which we never could have given you here—education and accomplishments and grand society You must begin to learn that you are no farmer's daughter, but a lady born. It's a fine thing that is going to happen to you, Kathleen—a very fine thing; and you must be very grateful to his lordship, and also not forget to thank Heaven, my dear, when you say your prayers to-night, for giving you back your own dear father—for, as we have all been told, blood is thicker than water, and there's nothing like one's own flesh and blood after all!"

But Kathleen answered never a word—she only looked with wild, frightened eyes from one to the other, and the color fled from her startled face, and her breath came short and quick.

With a curious sense of intense interest,

one to the other, and the color hed from her startled face, and her breath came short and quick.

With a curious sense of intense interest, Lord Elwyn watched her. What was she going to do or to say? How was she going to take this revelation that had been made to her? Was the rapture of coming grandeur all to much for the brain of the village-bred child, or was the emotion of finding a father too great for her beating heart? He held out his hands to her and smiled at her kindly. But Kathleen drew back and clenched her little fingers tightly together behind her back.

"I will not come with you! You are no father to me—you never owned my mother, and you have forgotten me all these years! I will stay with the only father I know and love—I will not be your child or go to you!" Then, suddenly casting her arms round the farmer's neck, she buried her face upon his shoulder, crying aloud, with a great sob, "Oh, daddy, dear daddy, I will never, never leave you! I don't want any fine people or places—I only want to stay with you and mammy to the end of my life!"

Lord Elwyn never quite forgot the horrible

of my life!"

Lord Elwyn never quite forgot the horrible shock which her words gave him, or the sense of shame with which her disavowal of his claims covered him. It was as though the sins of his youth rose up once again from the tomb and reviled him for his past through the mouth of his child. And yet he liked her all the better of his child. And yet he liked her all the better for her resistance. The girl had a character and a spirit of her own. So much the better! He admired her for it; he recognized himself

and a spirit of her own. So much the better! He admired her for it; he recognized himself in her anger and her scorn.

It was with positive humility and deference that he spoke to her, urging her to reconsider her determination.

"I will not press you now," he said to her, when he had used every argument he could think of to change her mood. "I will leave you for a week to think it over, so that you may get accustomed to the idea; then I will send for you. I should be sorry to take you away with undue haste from this house where you have been happy, and from these kind friends who have been so good to you. In a week's time you will think better of it."

She only shook her head as it lay upon her foster-father's broad chest, and cowered closer down into his sheltering arms.

So Lord Elwyn went away, and Kathleen was left mistress of the situation.

CHAPTER II,

Not for long, though. When seventeen and ignorance and weakness sets itself in opposition to forty-five and knowledge and strength it stands to reason that the one must very soon go to the wall, whilst the other must eventually triumph.

go to the wall, whilst the other must eventually triumph.

A week later a very sad and forlorn-looking Kathleen was standing by the gate leading out into the five-acre meadow in the little lane along which the cows sauntered home every evening at milking-time. Very pale was poor Kathleen—pale and heavy-eyed, as though tears had held her sleepless for many nights—and there was a droop at the corners of her pretty mouth and a tremor on her rosy lips.

"And you are really and truly going tomorrow, Kathleen, after all your promises?" said her companion, with a groan.

aid her companion, with a groan.
"How was I to help it, Tom? They say he has a right by law to make me—and they wouldn't back me up at home; they said I must go. How was I to stand out alone?"

"How was I to help it, Tom? They say he has a right by law to make me—and they wouldn't back me up at home; they said I must go. How was I to stand out alone?"

The man leaning across the gate groaned again. He was a large-made rough-looking man dressed in a brown velveten suit. He had tangled dark hair and eyes that glowed and burned with a strange and intense light. His features were strongly hewn and powerful, and there was a tendency to coarseness in the lines of the leavy mouth and jaw. It was not exactly a bad face, but it was a face which suggested the possibility of violent passions and unreasoning animalism. At the same time there was something reassuring in the intensity of the eyes and something that was almost noble in the breadth of the brows and head. One felt instinctively about Tom Darley that he was one of those people who, in good hands and in happy circumstances, might be capable of much goodness, and yet who, on the other hand, if ill-used and buffeted by fate, might possibly develop dormant forces that would tend to unlimited evil.

For the rest, Tom Darley was no ne'er-dowell. He was the tenant of a small farm two miles away from Mayfield, and had been all his life a hard-working and industrious man—a bit of a sportsman too, for he bred young horses, and kept a pack of harriers, and was seldom known to fail to put in an appearance at the covert-side on a winter morning, mounted on his gray cob, on which he went as straight and rode as well as any of the hunting gentry about. People thought highly of Tom at Mayfield, and many a careful father would have asked no better fate for his girl than to see her the wife of the stalwart young farmer.

Ever since May last year however Tom's heart had been fixed upon the maiden ar Mayfield Farm. In accordance wich the customs of rural districts, Kathleen had accepted him as heart had been run over by the butcher's cart; and he never failed to present her with some simple offering when he came home from the town on market days. Kathleen liked the homa t

the awful news upon poor Tom—Kathleen was not Farmer Dobson's child at all. but the only daughter and heiress of the rich and great Lord Elwyn, whose country place lay twenty miles away, just over the border of the adjoining county, and who was as far above Tom Darley's reach as though he had been a veritable king. And Kathleen—his little Kathle no longer—was to go away to her new kingdom, to be a princess amongst the great ones of the earth, and the dream of his life was shattered!

During that sad last week he had met her many times and pleaded with her often, and Kathleen had wept and wailed; for she was very unhappy—not so much because of leaving

wery unhappy—not so much because of leaving Tom, although Tom came incidentally amongst the people and things she was sorry to leave, but because of all that she had loved and been used to all her life which she would have to

used to all her life which she would have to give up for ever.

"Don't go—don't go!" he had pleaded brokenly over and over again, as he held her small hands clutched hard in his; and for the first two days of the week Kathleen had been brave and determined, and had answered back boldly—

"No—I promise you I won't. I will not go!"
But as the days went on her resistance be-

boldly—

"No—I promise you I won't. I will not go!"
But as the days went on her resistance became feebler and she began to realize that she would have to go.

And now the last even was come, and Tom had walked over to meet her for the last time and to wish her god-bye. He was very bitter and sore, and desperately miserable: and so for the first time spoke to her about his love.

"He has no right to take you away from me!" he said angrily. "I love you, Kathleen—I have loved you for a long time! I want you to be my wife some day!"

Kathleen looked at him timidly and doubtfully. There was no answering throb in her heart as she listened to the first words of love that had ever been spoken to her. She was only very unhappy, and considerably troubled. The little pink wild roses in the hedgerow came straggling over the top of the gate against which they were leaning, one on either side of it. Kathleen picked one and laid it softly against her cheek.

"Oh, no, Tom—I don't think that would do at all!" she answered, with a little distress. This avowal of affection did not seem to do her any good—only to make things more difficult than ever for her. "I don't suppose it would ever be allowed, Tom," she said doubtfully. "You see it's not as if dear old daddy were my father."

"Oh, you needn't remind me of that!" he

father."
"Oh, you needn't remind me of that!" he cried bitterly. "I know very well that you are not Kathie Dobson any longer, but the Honorable Kathleen Elwyn—a great lady—a fine

stuck up—"
"Oh, Tom, how can you be so unkind? As if

stuck-up—"
"Oh, Tom, how can you be so unkind? As if my not being Kathleen Dobson made any difference to,my old friends! But don't you see I shall have to obey Lord Elwyn now?"
"And what has Lord Elwyn got to do 'twixt you and me, Kathleen! Look here, darling," he cried, with sudden emotion, catching hold of both her hands—"if all this hadn't happened—if you were Kathlee Dobson still—would not you and I have been fond of each other—would you not some day have promised to marry me? Would you not, Kathle?"
Kathleen twisted her wild-rose about in her fingers. She was not at all sure even about that; but it seemed unkind to say so to poor Tom, who was so unhappy.
"You know you never liked any other fellow in all the village so much as you liked me?" urged the young man eagerly.
"That's true enough," assented Kathleen.
"Then, if you liked me the best, you would have been my wife some day?"
"I-I suppose so," answered Kathleen slowly.
"Then why should Lord Elwyn or anybody."

slowly.
"Then why should Lord Elwyn or anybody

come between us?"
"Oh, but, Tom, I should not be allowed to marry whom I like now!" interrupted Kathleen. His line of argument began to frighten

her somewhat.

"When you are twenty-one, you will be able to do as you like—you will be of age, and nobody will have any power to stop you!" he

to do as you like—you will be of age, and nobody will have any power to stop you! he urged botly.

"Really!" That seemed very wonderful to her. "Are you quite sure, Tom?"

"Yes, quite sure, dear—it's the law of the land! So now, if you will promise to marry me when you are twenty-one, I will trust in you and be content to wait for you till then. Give me your promise, Kathleen!"

She gave a little gasp. It was all so bewildering, and Tom was so excited; he held her hands so hard—so very hard—that he hurt her fingers, and his face was so red and his eyes had such a strange gleam in them, she was half afraid of him.

"Promise me, Kathleen—promise me!" he urged again. "Promise to marry me when you are twenty-one."

Seventeen to twenty-one—four whole years! It seemed almost a lifetime; and Tom said he

Seventeen to twenty-one—rour whose years: It seemed almost a lifetime; and Tom said he would be content to wait if she promised! Four years was a very long time—so long that it did not seem that it would matter very much what she undertook to do at so remote a control.

much what she undertook to do at so remote a period.

Poor little Kathleen! She was very young and very ignorant, and her head ached from fretting and troubling, and her eyes were smarting and burning from the many tears she had shed.

It seemed an easy way out of this trouble, at all events, to do as poor Tom asked her. She would promise, and then perhaps he would not scold her so much for going away—and it was so hard that he should scold her for what she could not help. So it came to pass that Kath-

so hard that he should scold her for what she could not help. So it came to pass that Kathleen Elwyn, in an evil hour, promised to marry Tom Darley as soon as she was twenty-one.

When he had wrung her reluctant words from her trembiling lips, Tom tried to kiss her; but that was too much for her. A sense of dismay—almost of disgust and loathing—over-powered her. She pushed him away angrily with all the strength of her little hands,

"No, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Not that—not that! Never, never!"—and she burst into a tempest of passionate sobs that shook her slender frame from head to foot.

Altogether, the love-idyl in the rose embowered lane was not at all all that such love-idyls are wont to be.

Tom, when he saw the girl's emotion was ashamed of himself. He begged her pardon in a rough boorish way, and stood by her awkwardly enough, looking the picture of disconfort.

"Give me that flower anyhow!" he pleaded

wardly enough, looking the picture of discomfort.

"Give me that flower, anyhow!" he pleaded humbly when she had recovered herself a little. And Kathleen gave it to him; and he took out his pocket book—buiging with wheat samples, with flies, and with fish hooks—and pressed the little wild rose between two vacant mages.

"That's a love troth between you and me," he said seriously. "When the day comes that I send you that dried flower. Kathleen—then you'll know that I am coming to claim my

promise of you."

She made no answer as they began to walk on made to answer as they began to walk up the lane towards the Farm together, but she said to herself, as she walked, that that day was a very long way off, that hundreds of things might happen between this and then, and that anyhow Tom would not go on troubling her for the present.

and that anyhow Tom would not go on troubling her for the present.

"I have been very kind to him," said 'he girl to herself, in her utter ignorance, "and I vequite satisfied him and made him eavy; and I due say, after I am gone, he will forget all about me and take up with Mary Davis at the grocer's shop—she is a nice girl, and was always fond of Tom—when I am out of the way, I dare say he will take on with her."

It was not quite in accordance with these comfortable plans for Tom's furure however that, just as they sot inside the Farm garden, Tom Darley stood still in front of the bee hives and looked at her with a strange lowering brow.

and looked at her with a strange lowering brow.

"There's one thing more, Kathie, I must say to you before we part. I sha'n't perhaps see you often; but I shall know all about you, and what you are doing; and, if ever I hear of any

other man daring to make up to you or trying to steal you from me, by the Heaven above us I swear to you that I will kill that man, whoever he may be—kill him as I would kill the vermin in the fields!"

For a moment the man's face was awful in its intensity—a savage gleam lit up the rough-hewn features with an evil glow, the mouth coarsened and broadened, the eyes seemed to shrink and fall away beneath the strongly-marked angry brows.

Kathleen drew back from him with a vague terror—she knew not what she feared, and yet she was frightened—and in her pa'e face and scared eyes Tom beheld the reflection of his own madness. In an instant he had chased away the evil spirit and was himself once more. "Do not look so frightened, darling—for, of course, there will be no one!" he said, trying to take her hand, and laughing uneasily.

"Tom, that was very wicked of you to say that!" she answered a little breathlessly; and she kept her hands well out of his reach. "I do hope you will never talk about killing people again—it is terrible! And what would Mr. Euglefield say?"

"Human nature was made before parsons!" he answered carelessly, shrugging his should-

Human nature was made before parsons!

"Human nature was made before parsons!" he answered carelessly, shrugging his shoulders; and Kathleen shivered a little.

That look upon Tom Darley's face, transient as it was, had been a revelation to her. She had never known before that any one could look so malignantly wicked. "I shall dream about it!" she thought shudderingly.

When they got to the porch door, she turned round and forced herself to give him her hand. When she looked at him, he was the good Tom Darley again who had always been kind and affectionate to her. It was difficult to believe that that other glimpse of a terrible hidden nature had been aught but a dream.

"Dear Kathleen, you will be true to me, will you not? You will not forget me?" he said gently.

gently.
"Oh, Tom, I suppose so, of course!" she re-

gently.

"Oh, Tom, I suppose so, of course!" she replied, with a little impatience. It seemed so selfish of him to urge his own claims upon her so much when, after all, it was for her "daddy" and his loving old wife for whom her heart was chiefly torn and riven. "No one else is likely to want to marry me when I am twenty one, I suppose!" she added, half laughing at what seemed to her to be a ridiculous idea.

The dark cloud crossed his face again.
"But, if any one does—then you will remember what I have sworn to do!"

"On, Tom, you are horrible!" she cried, putting her fingers into her ears; and with a half-laugh which was almost hysterical she ran away from him into the house.

That was not the last that Kathleen saw of Tom Darley.

The next morning Lord Elwyn's brougham stood at the door of Mayrield Farm to convey her to Clortell Towers. No one came with it—onlythe twoservants and a note from Lord Elwyn to his daughter expressing his regret that an attack of gout prevented his fetching her himself and his hope that she was by this time convinced that it was her duty to accede to his wiehes concerning her.

Kathleen's modest luggage was hoisted on to

wishes concerning her.

Kathleen's modest luggage was hoisted on to the top. The old people strained her to their hearts and kissed and blessed her and bade God be with her. The servants crowded the little hall, weeping and holding out their hands to her; the farm laborers had gathered on the drive to give her a parting cheer; and many

little hall, weeping and holding out their hands to her; the farm laborers had gathered on the drive to give her a parting cheer; and many a friendly face from cottage and village shop was there to see the last of the little girl who had grown up in their midst and who was being carried away into the great world to be made a grand lady of.

Poor little great lady! Half fainting, they lifted her into the brougham and shut ro the door upon herself and her grandeur. And then she sprang forward and leaned out of the window, with the blinding tears streaming down her cheeks, to wave a farewell to all the dear faces she was leaving behind forever; and, when the carriage rolled out of the gate and turned the corner, the flutter of her little white handkerchief was the last that they saw of her as she was borne away rapidly along the road. But, when the horses slackened speed at the steep hill-side half a mile beyond the village, a man who had been waiting patiently sitting in the hedgerow for the last hour sprang forward and stalked quickly along by the side of the carriage.

"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are

carriage.
"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are

"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are bound to marry me?" he said in a low voice.
"Oh, Tom, why do you bother me about that now when I am so unhappy? answered Kathleen through her tears.
"Because the thought of my love will make you happier, dear."
"Will it?" said Kathleen dubiously—she had really never looked at it in that light yet.
"Remember all you have sworn!" said fom solemnly.
"I do not think I swore at all!" murmured Kathleen; but in the rumbling of the wheels Tom did not hear her.
The coachman and footman were looking at him askance. The top of the hill was almost reached; the whip touched up the near horse—there was a forward jerk of the carriage. Tom was running now. He thrust his head in at the window." Goed by Tom!" she said kindly. was running now. He think his how the window.

"God-bye, Tom!" she said kindly.

"It is no joke, Kathleen. Remember I would kill him!" he hissed, and the girl sank back terrified into the corner of the carriage.

(To be Continued.) Editor (looking at joke)—That's funny. Contributor—Yes, I thought so. you should think such a thing as that funny!



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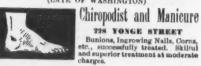




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CH As for hittle thing ant to be ad deal at first—until, in fet her alon "You kn upon her sthat do?" her ladysh should be things are conting higher face perhaps; table for m

after never while you Lady Adela "Flirt!" and stare powers. "what next" You ha "You had you know have been headache—after all m her not a quith her a The pass so great twords; bu ally somevat her with the ration. A

sonable;" After all, little thin hardened of ings. It v o coax th "And I and came said, with for being 'that's a filtive talk dirting—e how do young I 'You muttered softly. She was be convirher eyes 'ing eyes ing eyes He saw h "Why, pose. Sh do to neg

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shall dream ly. , she turned m her hand. e good Tom nd and affec-believe that den nature

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oice. ut that Kath l make he had d Tom

mured wheels ing at almost orse—
Tomin at

"Well," he said.

"I don't know that it is well," retorted Sir Guy bluntly. "Look here, Duke—what's this? Are you trying to make a fool of the gir!?"

"A fool of her!" echoed the other. "What do you mean by that?"

"Because, if you are," pursued Sir Guy, taking no notice of the interruption, "I tell you plainly that it won't do. No nonsenpe of that kind shall go on in this house while I'm master of it. Let the girl alone; you don't mean to marry her, so leave her to herself. Remember, if this isn't the beginning of it—and I don't fancy it is—let it be the last. I won't have it," He spoke in a half-contemptuous, half-admonishing tone, such as he might have adopted to some mere wayward boy. To the man so little his junior it was unspeakably galling. Hitherto in their disputes, which had been many, the gay good humor of the younger brother had contrasted favorably with the acerbity of the elder. But Duke lost his temper now. The resentment with which his training had taught him from childhood to regard his elder brother because he was the elder had received an impetus of a new kind during his talk with his mother in the library. Sharp little Angel and her malicious speeches had given a finishing fouch toit. For the first time since he had learnt to contrast his brother's ungraceful figure and swarthy face with his own beauty of form and feature, he felt at a personal disadvantage with him. But Duke, in losing his temper, lost it in a characteristic way.

"How the hermit preaches!" he cried scoffingly. "By Jove, you'd do credit to Exeter Hall—I'm hanged if you wouldn't! Give me a sermon on morality, old fellow! Upon my life I want it; and there's plenty of time before dinner! You won't? All right; don't forget that I gave you an opportunity to convert me. So you won't have it—eh?"

"No," returned the other sternly, "I won't; and the sooner you understand that the better."

"Oh, all right! No harm done that I know of." In spite of himself, the curt, contemptuous tone was making him angrier. He laughed suddenly and s CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED. As for him—well, she was a pretty, fresh little thing; she adored him, and it was pleasant to be adored; she had amused him a good deal at first, and lately bored him rather more—until, in fact, he heartily wished that he had let her alone.

ant to be adored; she had amused him a good deal at first, and lately bored him rather more—until, in fact, he heartily wished that he had let her alone.

"You know there would be an awful row, dear," he went on coaxingly, putting his hand upon her shoulder—"and what good would that do? Why, it would end, most likely, in her ladyship's sending you off; and even I should be in her black-books; whereas now things are comfortable enough."

She twitched away her shoulder angrily.

"Comfortable!" she echoed, in astified voice, clenching her hands, and still stubbornly keeping her face turned from him. "Yes—for you perhaps; but not for me. It is very uncomfortable for me to sit and wait for you up here after never even seeing you for six months, while you forget all about me and flirt with Lady Adela."

"Flirt!" echoed Duke. His astonished tone and stare really did credit to his histrionic powers. "With Lady Adela? My dear child, what next will you get into your head?"

"You have." the girl declared passionately—"you know you have! All this afternoon I have been waiting here for you. I said I had a headach—I got rid of Angel on purpose; and, after all my waiting, I saw you come in with her not a quarter of an hour ago. You had been with her alt the afternoon!"

The passion of agitation which shook her was so great that she could hardly pant out the words; but it lent such animation to her usually somewhat insipid prettiness that he stared at her with a passing spasm of genuine admiration. Another man would probably have lost his tamper—and for a moment he did think of leaving her until she was "more reasonable;" but he looked at her and relented. After all, she was awfully fond of him, poor little thing, and his heart was not entrely hardened or his conscience impervious to prickings. It was, besides, easier to him naturally to coax than to scold.

"And I got away from her as soon as I could and came straight up to you, didn't I?" he said, with invincible good temper. "And, as for being with her all the afternoon, yo

muttered the girl jealously, but a little more softly.

She wanted to be convinced—she longed to be convinced; and, despite herself, she raised her eyes to his, the blue, laughing, half-mocking eyes whose look always vanquished her. He saw his advantage and put his arm lightly about her waist.

"Why, I must do that now and then, I suppose. She is our guest, you know, and it won't do to neglect her entirely, particularly in such a confoundedly dull old barracks as this. But you musn't turn jealous whenever I look at her, you silly little goose! Why should you when you know that I would far rather look at a much prettier face?"

"You don't mean that, I know," muttered the girl with a little toss of the head and half pouting; but it was so sweet to hear him corroborate what her own excessive vanity had already told her that she began to smile.

course way.

"I want your promising pupil a moment,
Miss Stone. Is she here?"

"Angel? No. Sir Guy," faltered the girl. "I
have not seen her since she came in from the
park. She must be in the nursery, I think.

"No, thanks. It does not matter—don't trouble yourself." He drew one of his hands from behind him and held out a little snake's head silver bangle. "This belongs to the young lady, doesn't it?"

from behind him and held out a little snake shead silver bangle. "This belongs to the young lady, doesn't it?"

"I—I think so—yes," the governess stammered. "She had it on her arm when she went out. Lady Adela gave it to her."

"And she dropped it off her arm as she came in, I suppose," said Sir Guy equably. "I found it just now beyond the side-door. As I thought she was probably up here, making your life happy according to custom, I brought it up to give it to her. As she is not, perhaps you will take charge of it, and warn her to be more careful of her finery next time."

"Yes, yes; thank you, Sir Guy. I will give it to her when she comes to her supper," said the girl, faltering, flushed, and fluttering. She took the bangle, opened one of the three doors—that of the school-room—passed through hastily, and shut it upon herself.

Guy stood looking at his brother. Duke laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but he did not do it easily. The situation was, he thought "confoundedly awkward."

KINDRED CRUEL * By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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I will read my letter if I may," she said.
t is from my uncle Plumptre."
By all means, my dear," returned the elder

"It is from my uncle Plumptre."

"By all means, my dear," returned the elder lady graciously.

Adela half knelt upon a low cushioned lounge, and tore open her letter, a letter which, with its thick blue envelope, its out-of date blotched red seal and plain handwriting, smacked of business and plebelanism in its every dot and scratch.

Lady Oldcastle looked at the pretty figure in the white gown, with the rounded creamy throat and half-bared arms, and smiled to herself with satisfaction. No, the girl was no beauty, but she was certainly pretty, and there was no denying the charm which her youth and health and good spirits gave her. Even with half of seventy thousand pounds Duke might do worse—much worse.

Adela glanced up from her letter as she finished it, and met the large, brilliant, cold blue eyes fixed upon her kindly.

"There is no bad news, I hope, my dear?" her ladyship asked cheerfully.

"There is no news, either good or bad," returned the girl, smiling. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Lady Oldcastle! My uncle desires me to give you his best respects and compliments, and mamma sends her kind regards."

"Thank you, my dear. Pray especially remember me to both when you write." Srill speaking with unwonted graciousness, Lady Oldcastle inwardly scornfully wondered at Jonathan Plumptre's audacity in presuming to send her even so perfunctory and formal a message as this. "I have never yet met your uncle," she resumed, with a smile; "but I hope it is a pleasure that I may have before long. I hope, my dear, he does not speak of taking you away from us."

"Oh, no!" returned the girl quickly. "He does not mention that."

"That is well. He favors you so seldom that I feared that might be his reason for writing. I am glad it is not, for I hope you are not quite tired of us yet, dull as you must find the Towers."

"Oh, but I have not found it dull!" cried Adela impulsively—and the elder woman's

tired of us yet, dull as you must find the Towers."

"Oh, but I have not found it dull!" cried Adela impulsively—and the elder woman's keen eyes saw the pretty vivid flush. "I have been very happy here indeed. I am sure I do not want to go away while you are kind enough to care to have me. I would far rather be here than either in town or at 'ugbrooke. It—it sounds like a libel to me to call the Towers dull."

"You will not find it so in the future at any

sounds like a libel to me to call the Towers dull."

"You will not find it so in the future, at any rate, my dear," Lady Oldcastle responded indulgently, "for Duke is an excellent companion. You are very good not to be tired of us. I hope we may keep you for a long time yet. Are you going out? Are you sure you will not take cold without a wrap? Perhaps not, as the night is so warm."

Her ladyship had slowly risen—all her stately movements were deliberate and slow—and now she crossed to the girl standing by the open window and kissed her cheek. Adela perforce returned the kiss, and ran out, in a way that was far from slow, stately, and deliberate, into the scented summer staright. She did not seem to appreciate her hostess' affectionate graciousness, for she murmured, with a grimace—

"Tireame old thing!" back that precious little vixen's bauble, I suppose?"

"Bah!" Sir Guy exclaimed, impatiently,
"Don't make a fool of yourself, Duke, or flatter
vourself that you can make one of me by talking stuff of that sort. I tell you again that, if
you have any notion in your head of making a
fool of that girl, you had better get rid of it,
and that without loss of time. I have no influence over you when you are out of this house,
and I don't desire to have any; but, while you
are in it, I'll take good care that I have enough
to prevent anything of that kind, or—"

"Or I can take myself out of it, I suppose?"
Duke struck in, still banteringly.
"Or I'll take good icare," said the other, with
a straight look, "that you do take yourself out
of it."

He meant it. Duke knew it, and knew that

when the spent of the spent of

Adela, looking her prettiest in the daintiest of white gowns, was amused and interested in spite of herself. Certainly no such persistent efforts to entertain and please her had been made since she came to Oldcastle Towers. It would have been, the girl seemed to feel, downright ungrateful not to yield herself to the charm and be amused and interested. So she did yield, and was very charming on her own part; and Lady Oldcastle, looking on eagerly, furtively, jealously, was almost satisfied. As for Sir Guy, he did not appear at all after dinner. returned, with any demureness. "It would be rather nice, I think. We could go sailing away to the end of the world, and forget everything and everybody. I don't think I should want to come back, there would not be much to come back for. I think you must take me." dinner.

Nine o'clock came, and with it the letters from Wildeross. Four were brought into the drawing-room—two for Lady Oldeastle, one for Lady Adeia, one for Duke.

This last Duke, with a word of apology, tore open and read, rising from his chair close by Adela's and moving over to the shaded lamp standing upon his mother's little work-table to do so. Its brief contents mastered, he put it into his pocket and glanced up at her.

"I must answer this, mother, if you'll excuse me a moment; it is rather important. If I hurry, the fellow can take it back with him; I need only scribble a line or two. Have you any letters to go?"

"No; mine are all written and in the postbag," Lady Oldcastle returned, amiling as she never smiled at anyone else, "Have you any to go, Adela, my dear?"

"I, Lady Oldcastle? Oh, no, thanks! I think it is fully a week since I wrote any," answered the girl, looking round with a slight start. She rose as Duke left the room, and approached the shaded lamp in her turn.

linner.
Nine o'clock came, and with it the letters

want to come back, there would not be fluct to come back for. I think you must take me."

She raised her eyes and was a little frightened by the look she met—a little more frightened by the swift involuntary movement towards her which he made. It scared away her smiles and blushes; she turned very pale, and stepped back with her leaping guilty heart almost at her throat, childishly putting both her hands behind her.

"I must go in now," she said, and gave him a little nod that was quite cool and easy, she decided anxiously. "Lady Oldcastle said I should catch cold out here, and so I shall." She gave him her warm little hand for a second, although she was almost afraid to do that. "Good-night, Sir Guy; I hope that you will have a good sail, and that you will blow the 'blues' away. Don't go quite to the end of the world—wait till you can take me with you—and don't get drowned, please!" and don't get drowned, please!"
(To be Continued.)

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The Hero of the Hour.

Madison Squeer-I suppose that's that ever-lasting great Lord Yelloughby Danteek we're all invited here to meet. 'Gad, he puts on style

all invited nere to mode enough!

Upson Downes—Great Scott, Maddy, you're out of the swim—that's William Garrabrant Smith! I'll introduce you.

Madison Squeer—William Garra—? Who's

Upson Downes—Why, where do you keep yourself? He's the man who does "Pigs in Clover" with his left hand and both eyes shut. That little rat in the corner's Lord Yelloughby.

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A notice of the Ming day week. The prising for wealth a

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RINE

A pile of half a million bricks, and the foundations now above the ground, are evidences that the promoters of this enterprise really mean business. Several important departures have been made from the original plans. The heme now embraces a music hall larger and better than any in the city, an art gallery for exhibition of paintings, assembly rooms for public and private balls, and a finely decorated ball room 45 x 72 with supper room and drawing-room en suite, elegantly furnished. It is expected that these premises, being quite distant from the music hall, will be in demand for "at homes," weddings, recep-tions and balls. An annual exhibition of paintings will be held, to be known as the Academy of Music Exhibition of Paintings. The first of these takes place next October, when, besides contributions from Canadian artists, some valuable paintings from New York by well known artists have been promised.

A New Club.

Nothing shows the metropolitan character of this city more than the growth of its clubs. Excepting the political clubs no attempt has been made to give a particular bias or limit the fellowship of these clubs to any particular trades or professions. A proposal is now being discussed, and a committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of forming a new club on som what Bohom'an lines, to embrace those enguzed in artistic, literary and dramatic pursuits. A feature of the propose I club will the house din ser every Saturday night. The entrance fees and annual subscriptions will be lo v, to meet the popular idea of artis's' and viters' poskets. The gentlemen in the new Astists' Rifles are also moving in this matter. which will give a military tone to the project.

The Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east, is bein gevery day more frequented by the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city. New courses are always beginning. Instruction is given privately and in classes by the well-known Berlitz Method.

His First Hansom.



Cabby.— Hansom, $\sin t$ Uncle Silas (from Wayback).—Wa-al, ye-es; if ye let me get in front an drive. I don't like the looks o' that little hind seat, up that !—Puck.

Sea Costumes.

Sea Costumes.

A'realy has the exodus to Europe begun; and, departing for a moment from the wide range of "dressy" costumes, let us touch briefly upon the narrower one of traveling suits. The wise voman provides herself with two voyaging dresses, onetastefully elaborate, which she wears the day the steamer sails, and in which she waves adieu to her friends, and then stores carefully away in the depths of her steamer trunk, to be drawn forth again the day land is sighted; the other a steamer dress, proper. This should be fashioned of dark blue or some small-checked cloth, trimmed with stitching and braid, and sufficiently easy in every way to allow the wearer to recline comfortably—always in expectation of the dread mut de mer—in a steamer chair. Then, there is the indispensable ulster, or the Connemara cloak finds here a legitimate use; with a close cap of cloth, together with such useful accessories as a loose flannel wrapper, for comfort in the state room, heavy worsted slippers, lap-rug and cushions. tate room, heavy worsted slippers, lap-rug and cushions.

C. P. R Pacific Coast Excursions.

The next of Callaway's specially-conducted xeursions, for Vancouver, Victoria and all bints in Ocegon, Washington Territory and Juliforala leaves Toronto at 11 p.m., on 26th nst., and will run through to destination, without change in the celebrated tourist leaners.

sleepers.
A large and select party left the Union Station on Friday, April 12, under the care of Mr. E. R. Dransfield, one and all of whom expressed themselves as being well pleased with the arrangements made for their comfort and

Convenience on the journey.

Intending passengers should make early application for tickets, berths, etc., so that the necessary accommodation may be reserved.

A notice of a visit to the dressmaking parlors of the Misses. E. & H. Johnston, on their opening day was unavoidably crowded out last week. The tasteful display made by this enterprising firm attracted a great many ladies of wealth and fashion.

Possessed of an intuitive knowledge and extre me good taste in regard to gentlemen's wearing apparel, Mr. Henry A. Taylor has drawn about his establishment thousands of the best dressed men of the land and his reputation has become national. A large number of the bankers, politicians, professional men, manufacturers and merchants, not only of Toronto, but all parts of the Dominion, depend almost entirely upon the judgment and taste of this artist in this special department of trade for the clothes they wear. One of the best dressed men in our city once remarked, "This man Taylor is a most remarkable person. It is a fact, in building garments he can make a short man look taller, a tall man shorter, a thin man thicker, and a thick man thinner. You may not believe this, but it is true. Taylor's clothes are always faultless at ostyle and it, and a man who wears a Taylor saided by the fact that he always carries an endless variety of cloths of every description and design, his knowledge does not come from books alone, although he is a close reader. He gets his ideas in a large measure from observation. Each year he visits the principal cities in the United States where he observes the clothes worn by the best dressed men of the

nation and foreign countries as well. These ideas he formulates to the advantage of his own trade as occasion requires. Mr. Taylor possesses a rare combination of artistic skill and ingenuity in building a garment and his clothes are the perfection of style, ease, grace and comfort. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call this season, when he insures entire satisfaction. Remember the West End Tailor, 119 King street west, Toronto.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

BURWASH-On April 12, at Arnprior, Mrs. Burwashdaughter. KING-On April 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Edmund E. King-MARTIN-On April 13, at Kincardine, Mrs. R. Martin of Toronto—a daughter.
O VEN - On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. A'fred B. Owen—
a daughter.
MILLS—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. G. Mills—a daughter. WRONG—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Wrong—a WARREN-On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. H. D. Warren

a daughter. FLYNN-On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Daniel Flynndaugneer. COULSON—On April 9, at New York, Mrs. W. J. Coulson —a son.

ROBERTSON—On April 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. J.

R blerten—a daughter.

M ANNING—On April 6, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich, Mrs.
James Manning—a daughter.

C GOM AR—On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander
Cromar—a daughter.

romar—a daughter. HALDIMAND—On April 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. L. Halmand—a son. SLOAN—On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Sloan— COLWELL-On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Colwell LESTER-On April 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Lester-a REDDICK-On April 15, at Port Hope, Mrs. D. Reddick

Marriages.

FAIR BAIRN -MILLS-On April 11, at Toronto, William Ienry Fairbairn of Toronto, to Edith Helen Mills of Peter Henry Fairbain of Toronto, to Edith Heien aliis of reser-borough.

SPARKS—WILLMOT—O: April 10, at Barrie, Walter Sparks to Ada D. A. Willmot.

WALLACE—McCLUER—On April 10, at Scarboro Junc-tion, Alex. Wallace, to Margie McCluer.

MORSE—ROBINSON—On April 16, at Toronto, Win.

Marclean Mand M. Robinson.

MACLEAN—RING—On April 16, at Ottawa, James H.

Marlean of Toronto, to Dora Ring.

BRISLEY—BROADWOD—On April 15, at Toronto,
G. W. Brisley to Catharine E. Broadwood of Barnes, Surrey,
England. ngland.
WATSON—NAISMITH—On April 11, at North Dumfries,
obert Watson to Mary Naismith.

Deaths.

CLARK—On April 15, at Dundas, Mary Isabel Clark.
ELLIS—On April 15, at Hyeres, France, Norah Maud
Zilis of Chettenham, England.
KIRKPATRICK—On April 16, at Dublin, J. Rutherford
trikpatrick, M.D., F R S. I., aged 57 years.
KIELY—At Toronto, Marie Kiely.
HOLLAND—On April 16, at Toronto, George B. Holland,
ged 73 years.
POYSER—On April 16, at Bradford, Will'am Poyser,
ged 69 years.

ed 69 years. CAMERON—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Malcolm Cam CAMERON—On April II, at Journey.

On, aged 70 years.

JOLLIFFE—On April II, at Bradford, Mrs. T. W. Jolliffe.
MITCHELL—On March 23, at Southampton, England,
rife of Rev. Dr. Mitchell.

ROCHE—On April II, at Toronto, Septimus Roche, aged ur months.

ROSX—On April 9, at Fergus, Elizabeth Hardwicke Ross.

SOOTHERAN—On April 6, at Niagara Falls South, Geo.

Sootheran, aged 67 years.

WILSON—On April 11, at Toronto, Wm. I. Wilson, aged ? vears. FORBES—On April 13, at Toronto, John Forbes, aged 82 JONES-On April 14, at Milton, Mrs. Benjamin Jones,

JONES—On April 14, at Milton, Mrs. Benjamin Jones, aged 63 years.
YORKE—On April 13, at Toronto, Lionel Yorke, contractor, aged 55 years.
MATHIESON—On April 14, at Toronto, Bessie Mathieson.
MCMICHAEL—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. John McMichael, aged 21 years.
CREIGHTON—On April 12, at Quebec, Walter Lindsay
Creighton, manager of the Bank of Montreal.
KEL40—On April 12, at Toronto, May Kelso.
SCOTT—On April 11, at Toronto, James Armour Scott,
aged 78 years.
FOSTER—On April 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Jane
Foster.

FOSIER—On April 10, at St. Catharines, Hugh R. Fletcher, aged 75 years.

AITKEN—On April 14, at Tottenham, Mrs. Hannah Marilla Aitken, aged 57 years.

NUNN—On April 15, at King, Jessle Nunn, aged 53 years.

PUGH—On April 12, at Orangeville, Edith Jane Pugh,

aged 38 years. CHIS HOLM—On April 16, at St. Catharines, Mrs. Louiss Chrisholm, aged 65 years.

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Suckling & Sons, Yonge street, on Monday morning, April
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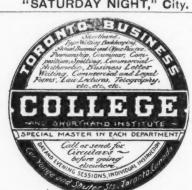
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Commercial Travellers' Mutual Benefit Society, having complied with the requirements of the Insurance Act, has this day received a certificate of registration there under and is permitted to transact the business of Life As surance on the assessment plan in the Dominion of Canada James Sargent is Chief Agent for the Society, and the head

W. FITZGERALD, Superintendent of Insurance.

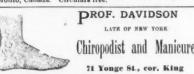
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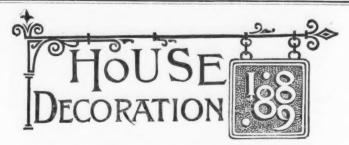
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We are in the stream and up to the neck in novelties in fine shades, and our prices are away down for Fine Dress Goods. Quotations as follows: 130 pieces Striped Dress Goods, 7½c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 17½c.; 75 pieces double fold, 45c., worth 65c.; 200 pieces plains in fashionable shades, 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c.; splended line 44 inch all-wool Henriettas, 50c., worth 75c.; 20 new shades, 48 inch all-wool Henriettas, 85.., worth \$1.25; large range of French and German Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, 50c., 60c. and 75c., in Stripes, Checks Borders; Combination Robes, &c.—French Combination Robes from \$4.25 each.

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We will offer 42-inch cashmeres at 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c. and 50c.; Black all-wool Henriettas, 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c.; Black and White Checks, Stripes and Border Combination Robes; splendid line all-wool Grenadine 12½ to \$1 a yard. Our Mantle rooms are crowded with New Goods. Our Dress-making rooms are in charge of a first class American modiste. Moderate charges. Ladiss, do not miss this sale. Bargains, bargains for all.

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